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POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS AND PARCELS POST

By Elijah M. Morris, Assistant Superintendent of the Salaries and Allowance Division.

When asked why there were no parcels post in America Postmaster General Wanamaker then in office, said: "There are five reasons, the Adams, American, United States, Wells-Fargo and Pacific (express companies). The matter of a parcels post and postal savings bank is now receiving wide attention from the postoffice department. Elijah M. Morris, assistant superintendent of the salaries and allowances division of the post office department, explained some of the plans of the department in an interesting address before the state branch of Postoffice Clerks' association at Astoria May 30. This official statement makes clear some of the things not understood outside the department relative to postal savings banks and the parcels post. Mr. Morris said in part:

"I also wish to speak briefly on the proposed establishment of postal savings banks. Upon the recommendation of the postmaster general a bill has been introduced in congress which is in part as follows, viz: That every postoffice within the United States which is authorized to issue money orders, and such others as the postmaster general in his discretion may from time to time designate, be declared to be postal savings bank offices, to receive deposits from the public and to account for and dispose of the same. Every postal savings bank office shall be kept open for the transaction of business every day (except Sundays and legal holidays) during the usual postoffice business hours of the town or locality where such bank is located. Accounts may be opened and deposits made in such banks by any person of the age of ten years or over in his or her own name, provided, no person shall have more than one postal savings account; that at least one dollar, or a larger amount in multiples of ten cents, must be deposited before an account is opened with the person depositing the same, but ten cents, or multiples thereof, may be deposited after such account has been opened, but no one shall be permitted to deposit more than $200 in any one calendar month. Interest at the rate of two per cent per annum shall be computed, allowed and entered in the pass book to the credit of each depositor once in each year, to be added to and become part of the principal; but such interest shall not be computed or allowed on any amount less than one dollar or some multiple thereof; provided, that no deposit to the credit of any one person shall be allowed to exceed one thousand dollars, and no interest shall be paid on any part of a deposit in excess of five hundred dollars, exclusive of accumulated interest. It is provided that any depositor may withdraw the whole or any part of the funds deposited to his or her credit, with the accrued interest, after complying with such regulations as the postmaster general may prescribe. It further provides that the postmaster general shall deposit postal savings bank funds in national banks to be designated by him in the states and territories in which the funds are received, and when possible in the counties in which such funds are received, and, as far as practicable, in the immediate vicinity of the places at which funds are so received.

"Postal savings banks were established in England as early as 1861, in France in 1882, and in Austria in 1883. The necessity for postal savings banks is demonstrated by the fact that in New England the average distance of the savings bank from the postoffice is two miles; from the middle and western states it is about 25 miles; in the southern states 33 miles, and in the Pacific slope states 55 miles. It is desired to encourage among the people economy and thrift, and by the use of the postal savings banks to give them every opportunity to save their earnings. The policy will not be to compete in any way with the savings banks, but rather to encourage the habit of depositing savings. The people it is proposed to reach are those who have not the facilities at hand for depositing money in a savings bank, and the foreign population which is entering the country in such large numbers and which is, to a great extent, hoarding its surplus earnings. The foreign population are mostly suspicious of private banking institutions, but have faith in the government. In many towns in the state having a foreign population, the postmasters issue money orders payable to the person buying the order, and such orders are held for a considerable length of time by the postmasters. In fact, only within a week the postmaster of a town in Pennsylvania visited me on a case where there had recently been a bank failure in the town, when one of the American born citizens, and a resident of the town, asked for a money order payable to himself. When asked his reason for buying this order he said he had money in the bank and did not wish to risk it in a bank, and as he knew the United States government was all right he would leave the money in its hands until he had further use for it. I am reliably informed that this is done in many postoffices, and I am quite sure if some provision were made to take their money to the postoffice, purchasing a money order and leaving it there without any return, that there is no question they would make use of the postal savings bank and would consider it a great privilege and benefit, especially when the government is willing to pay them interest on their deposits.

"The postal savings banks would probably be self-sustaining and could be operated without materially increasing the clerical force, but the additional work would call for clerical ability of a high order for which in the proper salaries would no doubt be paid.

Parcel Post.

"Upon the recommendation of the postmaster general a bill has also been introduced in congress providing for the extension of parcel post delivery on rural delivery routes, making the rate of postage on parcels of merchandise five cents for the first pound and two cents for each additional pound or fractional part thereof, the limit of weight for each parcel to be eleven pounds, whereas, at present it is only four pounds.

"The parcel post matter does not seem to be very well understood. There is at the present time in the United States a parcel post. The rate of postage is sixteen cents a pound, with a limit of four pounds to the parcel. Any resident of the town of Fostoria desiring to send a package of merchandise to another town in the United States, or from a local office on a rural route, weighing four pounds, would have to pay sixty-four cents postage for same. If the same person desired to send this parcel to a foreign land it could be sent for forty-eight cents. The parcel for the foreign country would not be limited to four pounds and could be forwarded to any one of twenty-two countries.

"The postmaster general at the present time is desirous of establishing a parcel post on rural routes. It seems to be misunderstood as to the size and weight of package to be carried. Postage would be at the rate of five cents for the first pound and two cents for each additional pound or fraction thereof, up to eleven pounds, the parcel not to exceed three feet six inches in length or six feet in length and girth combined.

"I have been asked a number of times as to the size parcel to be carried. One carrier asked me if he was required to carry a sewing machine or a trunk; or, as I have noticed lately, a baby was received by parcel post in England and properly delivered. It is not the intention of the department to carry live stock or make a moving van out of a carrier, but to carry packages of a reasonable size and weight for the accommodation of the people residing in rural communities.

"It is thought the establishment of the parcel post as proposed will greatly benefit the rural population and the local storekeeper as well. The latter can receive his orders by mail or telephone and dispatch the desired merchandise by rural carrier. The farmer would be saved the loss of time occasioned through a visit to town, especially during the busy season of the year, and his supplies would be delivered at his door. In some communities the parcel post extension was opposed by country retail merchants, fearing that the mail order houses will derive a benefit to their own disadvantage. It is proposed by the postmaster general to recommend the establishment of a parcel post on rural routes which will meet the objections of the local storekeepers and retailers. It would cost twelve cents a pound for the mail order house to send parcels to the rural delivery patrons from any city postoffice, while for delivery from the distributing office of the rural route, or if mailed by a patron of any rural route for delivery to a patron on the same route, or at the distributing postoffice of said route, the charge will be but five cents for the first pound and two cents for each additional pound up to eleven pounds, or twenty-five cents for a package weighing eleven pounds."

AN ANALYSIS OF GOVERNOR HUGHES

Leslie's Weekly.

Politicians cannot understand Governor Hughes. His methods are entirely opposed to their ideas of practical politics. He is willing to talk with them, as he is to talk with everyone else who has anything of importance to say, but he reserves to himself the right of reaching his own decisions. He feels that he is morally bound to do this, and that he has no right to do anything else. He does not hesitate to express himself publicly and privately to this effect. He says what he means and he means what he says. If he would use his power to punish his enemies and reward his friends, he would have less of the former and more of the latter among the influential politicians of the state. He has every precedent to justify the use of the great power of the executive in this way, yet he persistently declines to use it. That is not his way. Other governors, almost without exception, to a greater or less degree, yielded to the urgent requests or the imperative demands of bosses and leaders. He does not and will not.

The history of recent politics in this state shows that whenever a governor has failed to recognize the bosses they have refused him a renomination and sought a more pliant candidate. Governor Hughes is well aware of this, but none of these things moves him. Nor does he feel that his duty is done when, as the representative of the executive branch of the government, he presents his views to the legislature for its consideration. He is willing to submit to the decision of the legislature if that decision is clearly in accord with the popular will. When it is not thus made he regards it his duty, as the attorney for the people, to plead their cause and to renew his request for a verdict in their favor.

No governor has been franker, more sincere and straightforward in dealing with his opponents than Governor Hughes. He has never sought a fight, and he has never run away from one. If he had been a trader and a trickster he could have used his power as governor as others have used it, and had his way in everything with no difficulty.

Curious Hotel Customs.

London Tit-Bits.

A curious custom prevails at an Edinburgh hotel. Whenever a customer is heard to swear he is required to place a penny in a box on the bar counter. It is not a matter for surprise that the landlord hears much less bad language than some of his fellow-publicans in the capital of Scotland.

The following is a quaint idea for providing funds for picnics and social events. It is carried on with much success at an Ashton-on-Mersey inn. A "knocking club" is connected with the inn, and when a customer calls for refreshment he is expected to knock on the table or counter before drinking. If he fails to do this he is fined one penny. Anyone who wrongfully accuses another of breaking this unique rule is also fined. The money thus obtained provides funds for many enjoyable outings and pleasant evenings during the course of the year.

At another hotel, known as the Old Hundred, customers are allowed only one drink. If one is not sufficient to quench their thirst they are obliged to go out of the hotel and take a walk before they are allowed to have another.

Till recently the proprietor of an old-time hotel in Warwickshire used to invite all his customers to accompany him and his wife to the service at the parish church on Sunday mornings, which was situated on the opposite side of the road, the house being closed while they were away. On returning each customer was invited to partake of refreshments offered by the hospitable landlord free of charge.

Visitors to a certain hotel in Aberdeenshire who wear brown boots must remember to keep them in their room overnight, otherwise the boots will be blacked, regardless of the original color of the same. In one of the rooms of a Dumfries public house is an old armchair, which is said to have been frequently used by the poet Burns. All who sit in this chair are expected to treat everyone who is in the room at the time, and often the immortal memory of the famous Scottish national poet is drunk.

"JENNIE KISSED ME," TOO

Sarah kissed me when we met,
So did Kate and Bell and Dora,
So did Jane and Violet,
Dolly, Claribel and Flora.
They all liked me pretty well,
And—dear girls!—they never hid it!
I don't like to kiss and tell—
Still, they did it.

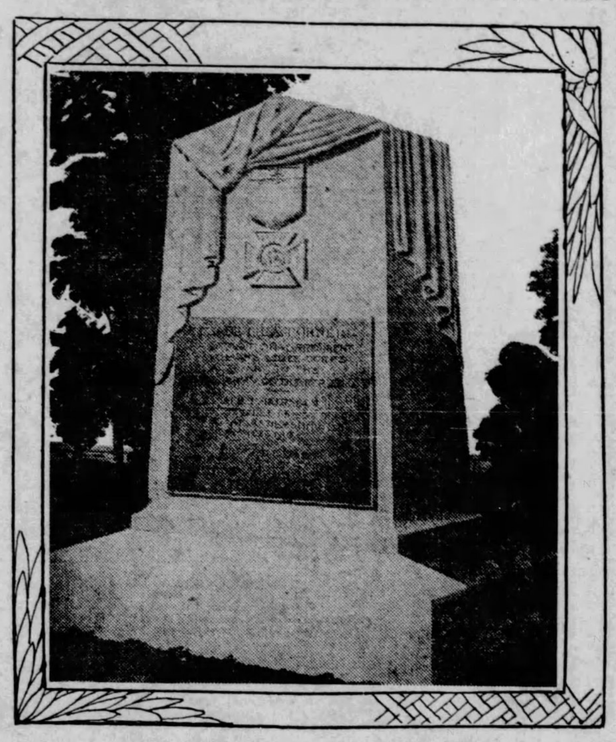
Later in the day I met
(And saluted) Maude and Daisy,
And I also kissed Cozette,
Clara, Julia, Ruth and Maisie—
Oh, I'm sorry for Leigh Hunt,
I who've had so many, many—
While poor Leigh's one vaunted stunt
Was with Jenny.

—Richmond Times-Despatch.

GLASS FLOWER VASES.

Glass flower vases are apt to become much stained in time, especially if such flowers as mighnonette and forget-me-nots are left in them for a few days without changing the water. To remove the stains few methods are better than that of placing a handful of used tea leaves at the bottom of the vase with a little vinegar, and with the hand placed across the top, shaking it until the marks have disappeared. If not completely eliminated, this should be repeated, while, in addition, a rag would around a stick and pushed into the crevices will effectually remove the most obstinate stains.—Woman's Life.

Women's Relief Corps Jubilee; Presentation of Andersonville



TURNER MONUMENT AT ANDERSONVILLE.

This is Ohio's jubilee year for the Women's Relief Corps in celebration of the formation of the Department of Ohio, at Zanesville in January, 1884. Among the great enterprises in which the Relief Corps has engaged and in which Ohio has taken the lead, has been the acquirement and improvement of the grounds of Andersonville Prison, Ga. These grounds are now offered to the United States government free of encumbrance, through a bill introduced in April last, by Senator Foraker, of Ohio. Five states have built monuments there, through the agency of the Relief Corps—Ohio, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Michigan and Wisconsin. June 27 a monument to Lizabeth A. Turner, of Boston, who had charge of the improvements and who died there in the line of duty, will be unveiled. The presentation will be by Sarah D. Winans, present chairman, and the acceptance by Kate E. Jones, national president.

Sarah D. Winans, chairman of the Andersonville prison board, has written an account of the improvement of the historic prison ground for the silver jubilee meeting at Lima. It follows:

The story of Andersonville has become a familiar one in every household. The part which the prisoners had in demonstrating the superior patriotism of the American soldier is unrivaled. There is nothing in the world's history that surpasses it. In the midst of starvation and suffering indescribable, they refused the comfort and safety temptingly proffered them by the enemy, and remained faithful unto death to their colors. The sacred spot where these heroes suffered and died will continue to be the "Mecca" toward which the steps of all Americans may turn for patriotic inspiration.

When the Department of Georgia, Grand Army of the Republic, reported to the Women's Relief Corps that the grounds of Andersonville prison were in their possession awaiting some patriotic agency to improve and beautify them in memory of the immortal dead, we gladly took upon ourselves the sacred mission, thirty-one years after the close of the war. It was then a piece of wild land covered with scrub oaks, briars, wild vines and sand. Today it is a very pretty and attractive park, having been in possession of the Women's Relief Corps twelve years. The tract contains 88½ acres, which includes all of the forts, rifle pits, earthworks and all ground outside of the stockade that had been used for prison purposes.

We enclosed the entire 88½ acres with a strong wire fence, put up large and small wire gates at the entrances, built two bridges over the creek, then put up a good, comfortable nine-room house, commodious enough for the entertainment of such visitors as desire accommodations, also a comfortable barn, and placed Captain Wilson and wife as caretakers of the property. A mule and wagon were bought to convey pisitors that come by train. Shade trees, flowers and vines were planted and now make the place very attractive.

Three hundred pecan trees were set out and are just coming into bearing. A rose garden of 400 bushes in full bloom is a sight worth feasting your eyes upon and helps to contribute a flower for each of the 13,716 graves in Andersonville cemetery nearby, on Memorial day. We also built a pavilion over Providence spring, fittingly named on account of the sacred memories associated with this hallowed spot. It came suddenly, as an angel of life, during the dark days which tried men's loyalty to the uttermost, pure water sprang copiously to refresh the feverish lips of thousands of dying heroes.

It leaps and sparkles in the sunlight today just as it did more than forty years ago; and coming generations will drink from it and draw patriotic inspirations; it murmurs a song of joy and peace, the rich heritage which has come to us through the self-sacrifice of those whose memory we honor ourselves in perpetuating. A flagstaff was erected and Old Glory floats out in perpetual benediction over the grounds sacred to American unity and valor.

The Women's Relief Corps has expended in improving these grounds $10,550, and has in the fund set aside for its perpetual care $8,313.56, making a total expenditure of $15,864.76.

But I am reminded that I am to speak particularly of Ohio at Andersonville. Ohio gave 1,055 of her gallant sons to the slow tortures of the deadly prison pen and has erected a magnificent monument to the memory of these heroic dead. The Department of Ohio, G. A. R., has given in cash $538.97.

Owing to the poor hotel accommodations in the village it was deemed wise to furnish rooms in the cottage upon the ground for the accommodation of visitors. The Ohio monument commission while erecting its monument realized this need, and Wells Corps, of Columbus, furnished a room very beautifully.

In 1901 department president of Ohio, Anna E. Howe, during a visit to the historic prison park to participate in the unveiling of the pavilion over Providence spring on Memorial day, was imbued with the same idea and asked the Corps of Ohio to contribute toward furnishing a room. Every 25 Corps, 106 of them nobly responded to the call, furnishing a room at an expense of almost $300, which is greatly admired by all visitors. A number of Ohio Corps have sent pictures; Lytle Corps, of Cincinnati, Sherman's March to the Sea; Wayne Corps, of Orville, a large picture of General Grant; Caroline Stahl, of Bradner, Lincoln and His Cabinet.

A. H. Colman, of Troy, and Volunteer Corps, of Toledo, have given generously of bedding.

Ohio has been represented by two members of the board of managers, and one of Ohio's favorite poets, T. C. Harbaugh, wrote a beautiful poem for the service at the dedication of the pavilion over Providence spring.

Our own Kate Bronwlee Sherwood has written a poem to be used in the service at the dedication of the memorial to Lizabeth A. Turner, erected at Andersonville, and which will be dedicated June 27, 1908. In conclusion, I would say that the Women's Relief Corps, having redeemed the sandy waste sacred with the blood and tears and sacrifices of the thousands of brave boys who spurned the proffer of life and liberty if they would swear never to again take up arms in defense of the old flag, have now offered it as a gift to the United States government, to be preserved as a part of Andersonville cemetery. Senator Foraker has introduced our bill to present the park to the government, and it is now in the hands of the war department for investigation. At the next session of congress it is reasonably sure of passage and we shall have new cause of rejoicing in the splendid achievements of the Women's Relief Corps.

SARAH D. WINANS,
Chairman Andersonville Prison Board.

GOVERNOR'S WORK NOT FINISHED

Brooklyn Eagle.

There is much uncompleted work of purification and political reform yet to be done. Charles E. Hughes is the leader in such work and cannot divest himself of interest in it and responsibility for it, if he would. He owes to conscience, to public desire, to high opportunity and to justice among men and between parties the duty again to seek a nomination for his present office, and to ask the people to re-elect him, and to elect him with a legislature in both houses pledged to their purposes and to his desire, to set their purposes in the law of the state. . . . What has been gained only increases the duty of securing what remains to be accomplished. The governor's desire to return to private life should be postponed.

SURE.

St. Joseph Gazette.

Every day should be a school of statesmanship. There should be taught the lessons of civic honor and devotion to the pubic weal. There should be found the sacrifices of patriotism in times of peace. There should be found the training necessary for the wider responsibilities of state and nation. And there should be developed that sense of the dignity and worth of citizenship which will bring to naught the devices of those who twist our republican forms of government to suit their petty despotisms and who seek to control, for purposes of tribute, the highways of our political life. As we search the records of the past and learn the lessons of our history may we appreciate more fully our obligations to the future and unreservedly devote ourselves to the cause of liberty established by laws, conceived in a spirit of justice and impartially administered.

HOW TO PRESERVE EGGS IN SUMMER

From Washington comes the report that if fresh eggs are covered with a thin coating of lard they will keep perfectly good for an indefinite period. This discovery is of Italian origin and is regarded as important, as one hundred eggs can be thus preserved with four cents' worth of lard and an hour's work. Every portion of the shell must be coated, as the "trick" lies in the exclusion of all air.

Another common way of storing eggs is by the use of water glass (silicate of soda). Take a thoroughly clean butter tub or firkin, and after a careful scalding and drying set in a cool, dark corner of the cellar. Place the eggs in it standing end, with the smaller end down. After all are in, pour a pail of water glass, which you can get from the druggist, into a pail containing ten quarts of water. Mix thoroughly, then pour over the eggs to cover completely. Put a cover on the tub and let the eggs stand until ready to use. Inspect occasionally, and if the water has evaporated to any extent, add more. Be sure your eggs are fresh when you start this process.

PRECIOUS STONES.

In an interesting review on a book about precious stones a writer in the Observer tells us a good deal about jewels. The "stones have months, weeks and days. January, the jacinth or garnet; February, the amethyst; March, the bloodstone; April, the sapphire or diamond; May, the emerald; June, the agate, etc." The "lucky day" stones are: Monday, the moonstone; Sunday, the ruby; Tuesday, pink jewelry must be worn, and on Wednesday, the emerald; Friday is amethyst day, for this stone is a lucky one, and the legend goes that the amethyst was once a beautiful nymph, beloved by Bacchus, who was changed into a gem. The ancients used to place amethysts in their drinking vessels as a preventive against intoxication, and the beautiful violet rays were supposed to be a source of vitality to wearrers of the amethyst.

The Count and the Congressman

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

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CHAPTER V.

Margot found Aunt Katrina sitting up in bed to receive her. The headache that had kept Mrs. Methuen from dining with Countess Fleury had apparently vanished. In her pink peignoir, with a scarf of old Malines lace draped about her head, her eyes bright and alert, her face wreathed in smiles, the lady looked and felt thirty. Naturally, she was prepared to treat even a younger, prettier woman with consideration.

"Well, my dear, was it pleasant?" she began, cheerfully. "Lydia, you may go now, but first twist a bit of pink paper over that electric bulb, and put my glass of eau de fleur d'oranger beside me on the table de nuit. Sit there in the fauteuil near the foot of the bed, Margot, where I can see you. That frock Cento turned you out in twenty-four hours in Rome, is a distinct success. I never saw you look nicer."

"I can return the compliment, Aunt Katrina," said Margot, dropping into a chair by the open window, rather than the one designated. "You don't mind if I stay here where the breeze from the water reaches me? I can't tell you how beautifully Count Stelvio has been singing. I longed for you to hear him. And now for a surprise. He has asked us—you, if you will be so good—Mrs. Clandeboye, Mr. Lee and myself—to breakfast with him tomorrow at twelve at Far Niente!"

"No?" exclaimed Mrs. Methuen, sitting bolt upright in her pleased surprise. "How did it ever come about? I hope you accepted for me. I hear that in addition to the watches and finger rings, he has a lot of old lace the museums in Paris have been doing all they could to secure. One would do anything for early Venetian lace. Poor fellow! I only trust that to provide food for us, he may not be compelled to cook his falcon, like the young man in what's-his-name's poem."

"There will be at least an omelette and some wood-strawberries," cried Margot, with nevertheless a pang at heart.

"Why doesn't he go upon the stage and make a fortune like Jean de Rescke?" pursued her aunt. "I am sure Conried would be enchanted to engage him for the Metropolitan Opera House, and all the women in New York would go wild over his voice and his looks. Fancy having a new tenor with an actual waist and a 'straight front!' It really keeps me uncomfortable, when Stelvio is about, thinking how poor he is—living from hand to mouth with no prospects, and too proud or too obstinate to sell his works of art. A voice like his is a gold mine in these days. But if he won't, he won't, I suppose, and the next best thing is for him to marry money. Countess Fleury tells me she knows he will have to come to that. She manages cleverly, there is that to be said for her. Just now she is quite satisfied to let Stelvio remain as he is, her own particular pet object of sympathy. She really wouldn't part with him for worlds, though she thinks she is going to marry him to that little fat Conners girl from Chicago we saw at the dance at our ambassador's in Rome—(as long as she is broad, that girl, and perfectly insignificant! If she were strung with diamonds, I wouldn't have Miss Conner's for a gift!) Now, you, on the other hand—"

"Yes, I!" said Margot, lazily. She was too happy tonight to mind anything, and Aunt Katrina when in the vein, was sufficiently amusing.

"You do not excite in Countess Fleury the smallest apprehension. She is quite willing for you to play with Count Stelvio, as you have been doing—"

"Because?" asked the girl, in the same dreamy tone.

"Because she knows perfectly well that he knows it can be nothing else but play. He has in fact told her so."

"Good heavans, is that possible?" cried Margot, stung out of her apathy, and springing to her feet.

"I don't mean in so many words, of course. Stelvio is a gentleman. He only let Annie Fleury understand that he fully realized the madness it would be for him to fall in love with you. But as you have frequently told me you are fancy free, and have no wish to marry any one, until you have seen the world a little more, it can luckily make no difference to you."

Margot, in the darkness of her window retreat, hung her head guiltily. At that moment, turning aside to gaze into the garden, she saw passing under a cluster of electric lights erected upon the summit of an iron pillar on the walk nearest the water, the form of the subject of their discussion! She had not been mistaken, then, in thinking that Stelvio's boat had followed theirs to the hotel!

Stelvio was alone, smoking as he strode down the path to be lost in the shadowy grove beyond. But there, a few seconds later, she beheld the glowing tip of a cigar turn in the direction of her window, then remain stationary. A bounding joy passed into her heart, her veins ran quicksilver with delight. And it was he whom Aunt Katrina thought "made no difference" to her!

* * * * * * *

"Three ladies and a gentleman?" grumbled old Assunta, once Stelvio's nurse, now his housekeeper. "And where do you think the food is coming from, unless the good Lord rains it down from heaven which he has not yet seen fit to do for the Stelvio family."

"I have been out this morning and caught these," her master answered, joyfully displaying a fine string of fish. "Fillet them, Assunta dear, as you can do it, and make a sauce tartare. Begin with an omelette 'aux fines herbes,' of course, or use mushrooms, that is better. Then——"

"Then?" echoed Assunta, transfixing him with a scornful eye.

"Then," boldly went on the count. "What more delicious than 'petits poussins'—little chickens that have never known the stress and strain of life?"

"My chickens!" shrieked Assunta. "My little treasures, my own dear children one might say. Oh! Signor Guido, I'd not have believed this, even of you!"

"Only six of them—" coaxed the count, "I will go without adult fowls for a month to come, if you consent."

"To take them so young—as one would say, unspotted by the world," wailed Assunta. "When, if they attain their full growth, they will go twice as far toward feeding you. Don't ask me, Signor Guido. I can't do it—I can't."

There were tears in the red-rimmed topaz eyes set deep in her brown wrinkled face.

"Six 'poussins,' roasted," pursued the count, resolutely. "A dish of gnocchi, the like of which these forestieri will never have tasted—the true Castel Stelvio gnocchi, Assunti, your father's, out late honored chef's, secret recipe."

"That I can do, none better!" she said, straightening up.

"With the 'pouissins,' a salad from our garden; and in its right place, a little dish of asparagus. For a sweet whatever you like, and for dessert a dish of wood strawberries that I engaged little Pietro, the shepherd-lad, to pick for me, this morning."

"It shall be as you will," murmured the old woman, conquered by his indomitable purpose and making haste to retire crab-like from the scene.

"And, Assunta, the best glass and china, you will understand, set upon the old cloth of Florentine lace and linen work. I will see to the flowers. Tell that limping old husband of yours he must brush up his livery. I'm afraid it is rather bad."

"If Giuseppe could stand always in a corner with his face to the wall," responded the housekeeper, grimly jocose, "the livery might pass, since behind, it is less threadbare. Il Signor Conte remembers that of knives we have but four of which the porcelain handles do not come apart from the silver blades?"

"Give those to my guests, and put one of the broken ones by my plate."

"And napkins—gran Dio, when I remember the contents of the signora's, your gracious mother's, linen chests that were burned with Castel Stelvio——! There are almost no napkins through which you may not poke your fingers!"

"It matters not—let them be clean, that's all. These friends of mine are coming to take me as I am. Among them, Assunta, is a young lady—a very particular young lady——"

"Mother of God, is it that?" exclaimed the old woman electrically—"A great American lady, with gold running out of her pockets? One who will build up again Castle Stelvio—oh! Signor Guido, tell me this is so?"

The brilliant joy of his eyes had penetrated her dulled understanding. She was dashed to earth from her flight of fancy by a veil that came over her young master's orbs, turning them to the tint and texture of marron velvet.

"Don't talk nonsense, Assunta!" he said, sharply. "Take these fish and get off to your kitchen. And mind, I look to you for the honor of Villa Far Niente."

"Six of my baby chickens," mused the crone as she retired carrying her prize. "Madre di Dio, that is too much to ask. Five now, one apiece for each of the greedy strangers, one for Guido I might consent to. They would never notice while they were talking, that the platter went off quite empty. Five, even, is a great number. That lad Guido, is young and strong and vigorous, he would be none the worse for going without. He could make it up on gnocchi, of which I will fill a large dish. If I can get Guiseppe to understand that he is to pass our young master quickly, as if the chickens had been offered and was refused! Four chickens—that is a sufficiency for the forestieri, and four they shall have, not another blessed little creature shall be sacrificed. Now, I must send up the hill for the herd's wife to come down and help me. She will be well paid with a bunch of onions and young carrots from the garden. I must take time too to sew the braid upon the lapels of Guiseppe's livery coat. Lucky that yesterday I washed and starched his other shirt. Four—yes, four! Never, never, six."

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Methuen, Mrs. Clandeboye and Magot, sat in their boat at the foot of water-steps green with the ooze of ages, while Mr. Lee, with agility born of a boastful fond anticipation, skipped up to tug at the handle of a jingling bell hanging beside the lovely scroll work of an iron grille set in the wall arising from the lake. Over the summit of the wall above their heads foamed roses. In the heart of the little grotto seen through the grille waved a mass of luxuriant maidenhair. The hillside behind and around the desolate old weather-scaled mansion was clothed in glorious beech and chestnut trees. In the terraced garden to one side, sprang a marvel of flowers and leafage with clumps of rhododendrons and red camellia springing from amid their shed petals as from islands of rosy snow. In this witchery of early summer foliage and bloom, with the joyous thunder of the cataract sounding ever in the ear, the swift rush of its subterranean river racing to the lake beneath a stone archway in the foundations of the house, a chorus of bird songs from every flowery thicket, even Far Niente wore a happy and welcoming aspect.

"But oh! think of it in autumn, when the leaves are dropping, and it rains as it can rain on this dear lake," exclaimed Mrs. Clandeboye, shivering. Mrs. Methuen's gesture of distaste confirmed her verdict. Margot, on the contrary, saw nothing, felt nothing but her own heart beats of passionate interest in the approach of Stelvio's home.

buttons, came clumping etaoiay f,illap

A very ancient, cross and sunburnt visage looked down over the wall, then disappeared, and Guiseppe, in faded and mended livery of grey and canary with the Stelvio arms upon its buttons, came clumping down to open the grille. His bossy back, as he tottered ahead of them on the return up a flight of pebbled steps supported by cross pieces of stone and sprouting with green things undisturbed, expressed distinct disapproval of their intrusion. For Guiseppe held in the locked places of his proud old spirit, an invincible belief in the glory of the Stelvio race that for five centuries had ridden on the crest of the wave in Italian history. He considered that no outsiders, least of all English and Americans, had a right to see a Stelvio in decay. He had been tormented enough by tourists of their stripe coming there and trying to buy an entrance to his master's home. Nevertheless, since the young Count had willed this piteous exposition of their fallen fortunes, it was Guiseppe's part but to obey.

Magot, last to ascend the steps, and lingering for a charmed glance into a grotto with dripping lilies and maidenhair gemmed with diamond drops from the fountain it enshrined, now found her hand clasped by Stelvio's, his eager eyes fixed on hers with honest rapture. The others, who had already been received by him had passed on, into the cortile.

"For one horrible moment, I thought you had not come," he whispered. "I was never so disappointed in my life. Your being here is really all that gives me courage to go on with it. When I remember parties that I have been with to visit a bachelor's domain! The astonishment of the women that mere man can be so comfortable and luxurious, without one of them to look after him. The little flattering cries and gushing praises of its ornaments and conveniences! If you had done me the honor to visit me at Castle Stelvio, you'd have found it perched upon a precipice that fell away six hundred feet below, with arcades and loggia, campanile and outside stairways, sculptured lions and griffins, tapestried halls and all the rest of it! But poor Far Niente has no architectural features to recommend it, and is desperately shabby at the best."

"Don't say another disparaging word!" exclaimed the girl, as they came up with the rest of the party. "And remember, that today I am determined to be happy and pleased with everything I see!"

Stelvio flashed upon her a radiant look of gratitude. As they followed him through the bare mouldering rooms, with their faded frescoes and portraits of black-a-vised ancestors whose frames were ranged under high, dim ceilings touched with half obliterated gilding, he seemed to her an image of immortal youth that time nor chance can ever mar. In the chief salon their host paused hesitantly to let them glance in passing at the dusty mirrors and chandeliers of Venetian glass, the tattered satin of divans and fauteuils, the cracked and tuneless grand piano, the rigid rows of high-backed chairs, the tasteless ornaments.

"This is by rights, our room of state," he said, with easy grace, "but I am quite conscious that most ladies would gladly dispense with the ceremony of being received in it to hurry on to a more habitable spot."

"Not till you've allowed me a glimpse at this quite too perfect Bonnheur du jour;" exclaimed Mrs. Clandeboye, who "knew" old furniture. She had paused beside a desk of rare French craftsmanship of the time of the Grand Monarque, calling Mrs. Methuen and Mr. Lee to admire it with her. Margot, meanwhile, had her attention riveted by a small exquisitely finished portrait in oils, of a young woman in Turkish costume seated at a tambour frame; painted from a corner, evidently, of the room in which they now were, since the window nearest them reappeared in the background of the picture, also an old Venetian marriage chest still standing there. Even the worn rug upon which the girl stood was seen in the picture, frm which she looked towards Stelvio, questioningly.

"It is amateur work, but extremely well done," he said. "The thing was in fact painted by my father of—of my mother, some years before my birth."

A tinge of red had come into his face. Margot endeavored to ignore it.

"The Countess Stelvio must have been a most beautiful woman," she said lightly. "What excited my curiosity was the costume."

"A reproduction of a Bartolozzi print they both admired, I believe, dating from the days when eastern garb was affected by occidental beauties. You will see she had the perfect profile for the pose. He delighted in drawing and painting her in as many characters as Romney did Lady Hamilton. There was a small room full of these studies and sketches destroyed in the fire at Castel Stelvio. To the very last, she retained that classical outline of feature. Now, if Mrs. Clandeboye has had enough of my old writing desk, shall we go across the court into the more inhabited part of the house?"

Through an antechamber, between rows of carved walnut chairs draped in dingy holland, they crossed into a court paved and lined with cracked and seamy marbles, and decorated with nymphs and dryads shivering in moss-grown niches. From here over a balustrade in the rear, they looked down into the moist greenery fringing a mysterious spring ever bubbling and gushing, rising and falling, with the tides of the lake, and serving to feed the mimic river that flowed beneath the house.

In the library beyond, a large panelled chamber with deeply-embrasured windows, were assembled around a faded Persian rug, a few comfortable bits of furniture. A couple of dogs lying upon a wilf skin before a couch, a small piano, books upon the shelves, a writing table littered with papers and current periodicals of Italy, France, England and America, with a odour of tobacco over all, lent the human touch so sadly lacking elsewhere in the big bare dwelling.

Mrs. Methuen, whose enthusiasm for the purely picturesque was already on the wane in face of the spiritual depression she had passed through in a brief space of time, cheered visibly. She let Stelvio instal her in a fauteuil covered with new crimson leather, and looked around her with a sigh of relief.

"I permitted myself the luxury of that armchair!!!" confided Stelvio, to Margot. "When I returned from America with the spoils of one of your national legislators in my pocket. It is probable that Mrs. Clandeboye disapproves of its modernity at Villa Far Niente, but when I sit for long hours reading here alone, I have reason to bless the absent shades of the purchaser of my Gubbio faience. By the way, he was the same oppressively prosperous looking individual who took you away from me at Chevy Chase. Not content with that, he now pursues me with offers for my Biberon, and seems not to understand that I can maintain any objection to parting with it in the face of his liberal increase of terms with each demand. It is, in fact, he who has asked me to meet him at my lawyer's in Milan tomorrow."

Every vestige of blood left Margot's face. She looked at him in wild alarm.

"In Milan? tomorrow? Oh! then he is really coming here?" she faltered.

Miss Methuen! Margot!" said Stelvio, hurriedly. "Do not turn toward the others. They are busy just now looking at those antique musical instruments on the piano. Come out with me on this balcony and see the view I have kept for you for the last."

Margot followed, her feet weighed as with lead. They passed out upon a narrow ledge of stone railed in with iron, to stand amid the mist and thunder of the gret chute of crystal and silver that plunged through the gorge beside them. Here, under the interlacing boughs of mighty beeches and chestnuts, they looked upon a long enchanting vista of blooming hills and mist-wreathed mountains arising from reaches of blue water flecked with sun save when it shaded to emerald beneath the foliage of the shores. From one end of the shelf that held them a narrow stairway of stone embedded in mos sand maidenhair led up the mountain-side till it was lost in greenery. Everywhere was seen the moist shining of glorious verdure, and a chill as of winter was exhaled from the sunless cleft.

In the extraordinary and witchery of these surroundings, Margot could forget even McPhail and all his works. Nature laid hold of her, banishing fear and care. Stelvio breathed more free.

"There! You are yourself again. If we had only time before luncheon to explore together that little green ladder of steps, that when I was a child always seemed to me to be leading to the stars! Today my theology was changed."

"In what detail?" she asked, laughing.

"Possibly that I am satisfied heaven is here below," he said, in a low fervent tone.

"That's unfair, Count Stelvio! I never looked for mere pretty speeches from you. Don't destroy my illusions, now, when everything else seems perfect."

"The Signor Count is served," came in a mourful croak at Stelvio's elbow. Within the window stood old Guiseppe, bearing ineffaceably written upon his countenance his sense of mortification that after having so recently appeared in the character of door-porter, he should be now compelled to assume that of maitre d'hotel and that, with no line of liveried footmen to stand behind him awaiting the passage of the guests.

Stelvio smiled in boyish fashion. Margot smiled with him.

"Poor old boy, he is overweighted with our family importance," said the young man. "At this moment, he would give worlds to have you think a chef and his scullions were at work in the kitchen, instead of his own crusty spouse, Assunta, assisted by the herd's wife from up the hill. I am only hoping Assunta will keep her temper long enough to execute her two special works of art, a mushroom omelette and her prize dish of gnocchi. If she should fail in either—!"

"If she does, you and I will talk so hard and fast nobody can hear himself think!" laughed Margot. For the moment, she was sharing all with him, a delightful and exhilarating experience.

Mrs. Methuen had reached that stage of a dowager's experience when the question of food can either make or mar her agreeability, when Stelvio offered her his arm. The others following without ceremony, they went into a dark old diningroom, with panels and furniture of nobly carved walnut, a fine painted ceiling, some fruit pieces and a picture of snarling dogs upon the walls, with an array of rare porcelain upon its sideboard to reveal which the light of day penetrated reluctantly through the mist of the cascade.

"I'll be hanged if I can see where he keeps it?" Mr. Lee had discontentedly whispered to Mrs. Clandeboye before they left the library.

"What? The Biberon! If by any chance it should be locked away, and he does not offer to show it to us! No sign have I seen of anything approaching to it. I am beginning to feel goose flesh all over me with fear of a disappointment!"

A moment later, as the guests seated themselves in the ponderous high-backed chairs grouped about a table draped with a filmy network of Venetian lace and linen bearing strange heraldic animals upon its transparent square, Mr. Lee could not repress an exclamation of delight. For there in the centre of the board, occupying a modest pedestal of crimson velvet around which roses lay loose upon the cloth, stood the wonder—the famous Stelvio Biberon!

A quaint sea-monster carved in rock crystal was the precious drinking-cup, banded and mounted in enamelled gold and gems, his head forming the spout, two jewelled wings sweeping back from the protruding neck! On the golden handle surmounting his upper half was an admirably graceful little figure of Neptune, bestriding a dolphin brandishing his jewelled trident above a base of waves patterned upon gold. The perfect art of the thing, its rare craftsmanship, struck every eye with ravishment!

"After this," said Mrs. Methuen, when their chorus of praises had died down, "one does

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Mr. Lee's hopeless struggle with the tough portion upon his plate.

"But that bit is simply uneatable, Mr. Lee!" cried the host gaily. "Allow me," and he deftly transferred his share to his neighbor's plate. Margot, across the table saw the little comedy and laughed back at him. Mrs. Clandeboye, who sat on Stelvio's left, saw nothing. She was too busily engaged in cutting up her own delicious allotment of the feast.

Guiseppe's old knees knocked together as he hastened to the side table after the salad bowl. He felt that a blight had come over his career. There was his young master sawing away at the dreadful thigh of a gutta percha fowl, in the full face of the forestieri — without apology, apparently without shame. Another circumstance weighed on the old man's mind. Stelvio had forgotten that the infirm knife of the four vermeil-handled ones remaining to them had been put at his plate. There was brief delay in the crash of the impending crisis. Stelvio's blade promptly parted company with its handle, flying sidewise to break one of the few rare Venetian hock glasses (pale green with crystal spirals) deluging Mrs. Clandeboye's plate with wine and splinters, and finally landing in the lady's lap!

It was all very well for il Signor Conte to spring up from his plate with a thousand protestations of regret, to kneel at the lady's side, and with his own napkin remove the traces of his mishap, thought old Guiseppe. If wishes could have pierced the heart, his master's would have suffered then. The offensive part of it to Guiseppe was the laughter of that heartless American meess, whom he could not in any sense approve of, since the boatman of Villa d'Este had informed him in a whispered colloquy at the grille, that the bellissima Signorina was no heiress like the rest of her compatriots, but only the companion of the rich widow his employer (Guiseppe had even looked twice at the widow reluctantly deciding that she was a little past the age!) When Stelvio followed up his enormity by shouting to Guiseppe to fetch him another knife, the old servant gazed at him reproachfully. Bring on one of the plebeian knives used every day he would not, were he shot for it! He stood stock-still, his salad bowl in hand, his wits deserting him.

"Oh! might I have one leaf more of that perfect salad?" cried Margot, unconscious of the old man's enmity to her. The tide was turned, the meal proceeded to its end. The guests could not have divined that to pay for the hothouse grapes and forced peaches served in a basket of silver-gilt, Stelvio would have to go without cigars for a fortnight!

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Methuen, feeling at peace with the world, sat back in Stelvio's new crimson leather chair, sipping her coffee from a wee cup of gold, chiselled after a model of Benvenuto Cellini's, by one of that doughty goldsmith's pupils. Beside her, on a small table, stood a queer old coffer of tortoise-shell inlaid with silver. Opposite, Mrs. Clandeboye had drawn up a chair and was eyeing the coffer eagerly.

Mr. Lee, who did not smoke, could hardly restrain his patience after luncheon, until Stelvio, taking pity on him, had conducted the ardent gentleman to a boule cabinet in a far corner of the room. Here, the count, after unlocking the silk-lined glass doors, had exposed to the connoisseur's ravished view two or three shelves full of treasures, before which the Englishman's heart did silent homage. From that moment until recalled to life by main force, Lee would be dead to his surroundings. The two ladies who remained less actively, but as thoroughly, aroused to curiosity. Stelvio, returning to them, had taken out a silver circle strung with keys, and selecting the smallest one, opened the little chest. Its contents revealed a number of exquisitely-shaped shagreen cases, each in itself a work of art, and each containing an antique watch or finger ring of unique beauty and workmanship.

"Oh! Oh!" breathed Mrs. Clandeboye. "The Hotel de Cluny collection has nothing so good. We may actually touch and handle these marvels?"

"Until you tire of it," said Stelvio, smiling at her awe-struck rapture.

Margot, standing beside them, looked and enjoyed awhile, then yielding to Stelvio's compelling eyes and voice, accompanied him out into the gardens. After all, thought she, was it not her last chance to be alone with him in unconstrained intercourse? Strive as she might against it, the dark cloud of McPhail's arrival was gathering upon her mental horizon. After today, during the brief time that remained before her aunt's projected removal to the Engadine, there would be nothing but strife and stress in avoiding her persistent suitor.

To go out alone with Stelvio into these beautiful covetable gardens she had so often viewed from the water!

"A little while, only a little while to be happy in his company," she kept repeating to herself. "And then I awake from an impossible dream and become myself again."

CHAPTER VI.

Margot and Stelvio stood in a grassy glade on the outskirts of the Far Niente gardens. Leaving behind the thickets wherein rhododendron massed its crimson, pink, white and sulphur-tinted bloom; where oranges hung like burnished gold, and red camelias glowed, where acacia and banksia twined their flowery garlands everywhere; where roses ran up tall tree trunks, throwing back branches starred with countless vivid blossoms —they had come into this sweet and solitary spot near the water's edge. The only tenants beside themselves were a marble Hermes, the worse for time and moss, but smiling eternally between mottled tree boles under his umbrella of tender foliage—and a sunbeam, that defying the ban placed by nature upon his kind elsewhere at Far Niente, peeped through the trees to rest upon the young girl's radiant face.

Stelvio saw with a fearsome joy that she was happy beyond all his imaginings of her. So long had he remained under the ban of his own estimate of himself, it had not literally occurred to the poor boy that she could love him as he loved her.

To the moment of his meeting with Margot Methuen, Guido di Stelvio had not dreamed of love or marriage for himself. Staggering beneath the cross of a great sorrow, a greater fear, he had grown up to manhood. His patience, tenderness and forbearance with the poor stricken mother who had imposed this blight upon him, were beyond all praise. Throughout this hard bitter time, the priest who had trained and educated him and believed that his rights would one day be established, had instilled upon him the folly, the useless sacrifice of indulgence in earthly passion; trying to lift his soul to the altitude of pure religion where Father Anselmo himself had climbed upon the ruins of a dead past.

When the climax was reached that had brought to Countess Stelvio a brief period of sanity following her mad act of setting fire to their ancestral home, the poor lady came too late into a clear comprehension of the wrong she had wrought upon her son. The papers that proved his legitimacy, long cunningly hidden by the mad woman, were produced by her in the presence of Father Anselmo and a notary from the neighboring town. Guido's pardon, pathetically implored, was granted to her but a few hours before her death. When he went from that intensely painful scene, leaving his dying mother alone with the priest, Guido for the first time in his life, had lifted his head proudly to the light of stars. A swirl of new thoughts, new hopes and ambitions filled his mind. No longer outside the pale of young men of his own tastes and education, but safely established in the social stratum to which he had been born! When Father Anselmo had finally come out to find him, the boy, with flushed cheeks and eyes brilliant as with fever, was walking back and forth upon the parapet of the only surviving habitable wing of Castel Stelvio. It had cost the good Father many pangs to have to take that moment to announce to the young count that his mother had just passed away!

Reinstated beyond question in the eyes of the world into his father's high social position, Guido found but a poor remnant of money coming to him of all their bygone wealth. A man without near ties or intimacies he continued to live almost as much to himself as he had done previously. But Father Anselmo had to acknowledge that whatever career awaited his pupil, it would never be that of a churchman. His youth, his beauty, his romantic story, not to say that his rare voice was a talisman to unlock most hearts, made Stelvio more than welcome in society, which reached out its myriad arms in his direction with varying success. The voyage to America, undertaken at the instance of a friend who believed it would serve as a needed tonic to his mind, had effected much in arousing him to new zest in life, and a broader understanding of ambition. After it, he began to read voraciously upon subjects of vital contemporaneous interest, and to write essays and monographs which were at once received favorably by the public. Until the coming of Margot Methuen to stir the calm waters of his existence, he was happier than he had ever been before. The calm retreat of Far Niente, with his few devoted servants and an occasional visit from Father Anselmo, proved an ideal atmosphere for the fostering of his new employment. If, at times, the memory of the fresh young beauty he had seen for a moment in Washington, flashed over him irresistibly, Stelvio accepted it as his inspiration, never dreaming that he was to meet her again in the flesh, and to have his pulses stirred by her into a young man's passion. But the unexpected had occurred and triumphed! Since their meeting at Villa d'Este, he had lived for little else but the moments he spent with her. Nearer and nearer had come the vertiginous possibility that she could care for him. Since Guido had visited America his ideas on many points had modified, and he could now picture a Count and Countess di Stelvio living upon the work of the husband's brain, she happy in home and family without feeling belittled that all came to them in payment of his toil. He knew that this was the case with numbers of Margot's friends married and living in a small way around her in Washington. Today when he had seen her installed in his ruined home, brightening it beyond all dreaming, and sharing the ups and downs of his poor housekeeping as if she had a stake in it, the tumult in his veins increased to a riot of delightful temptation.

Margot stood with her back against a tree bole, the sunlight falling in chequers over her diaphanous white broideries. The roses Stelvio had picked and laid beside her plate at luncheon were in her belt. The gleam of dark magnolias, the lustre of an enormous copper beech, almonds and fig trees, banksias and azaleas were behind her. A perfect scene, a propitious hour in which to let the words that thrilled within him find their vent. And yet, in his own house, on his own territory, how dared he speak to her of love? Even facile America might not extend a sheltering arm over a transgression such as this!

Margot, on her side, as they had roamed through the lovely neglected garden, and along the verdurous footpath of the mountain side that led to where they halted for a rest, felt as if they two had been flying hand-in-hand from the disagreeables of earth. Aunt Katrina, with her dreadful background of McPhail; Mrs. Clandeboye, unhappy at heart, artificial even in her enthusiasms; dry-as-dust Mr. Lee, who she knew merely politely tolerated her and her aunt as "those Yankees one meets everywhere, you know" —how delicious to get away from them into the open with Stelvio, the embodiment of her own epoch of existence! It was so good to be young, to be strong and vigorous, to have one's own hair and teeth intact as she and Stelvio had, to be able to laugh together at nothing, to defy the far-away darkness of the future. For the moment, while she saw him as beautiful and shapely as a young god in his niche of verdure, the horrid thought came to torment her of how McPhail would look under similar conditions. She beheld a vision of the congressman's fat middle-aged prosperity, his toonew clothes, his too protuberant waistcoat, the high color, the bristling black mustache, his self-satisfied smile—in Stelvio's place—and uttered an ejaculation, half pain, half anger!

"What is it?" Guido exclaimed anxiously. "You are suffering?"

"A mere nothing," she replied, controlling herself promptly. "One of those shivers that come in the midst of perfect happiness, when as our old darkies say, 'dar's some one a trompin' on your grave.'"

"Don't speak of such dismal things, please. Let's hold on to perfect happiness! I couldn't have imagined my luncheon party with its necessary drawbacks, could have been such a success. After this I shall walk about with my head in the air, and consider myself on the level with Countess Fleury as an entertainer."

"Charming as she is, I'm glad you didn't ask the countess to meet us today. I've a painful conviction that she is already tired of me, and is looking for someone to fill my place. And I distinctly see that she doesn't approve of your being with me alone."

"Dear good friend and cleverest of women!" cried Stelvio. "She is really all unselfishness when it comes to advancing the interests of a protege—"

"Then you admit that I am considered a detrimental," cried Margot, mockingly.

"But Countess Fleury is really—as I was going to say when you interrupted me so maliciously—a very obstinate woman when she takes a wrong idea into her head."

"Better and better! You are so absolutely truthful, you can't for the life of you deny that she wants to keep us apart. That she will be relieved when Aunt Katrina—who, by the way—is a match for her in the same view of things—takes me away to Maloja, next week. Ah! well. We shall go, we shall be succeeded, next autumn, by some other people whom Countess Fleury will invite to fill up the chinks of her dinners and luncheons—we shall be as forgotten as the track of yonder steamboat on the lake!"

She spoke half jestingly, half in earnest, but the catch in her breath as she ended, gave her hearer a throb of rapturous pain.

"You do not seem to remember that Maloja is at no great distance from Lake Como," he said, tremulously. "If I could only be sure that Madame Methuen would not resent my following you there."

"Oh! why should we spoil this hour?" she exclaimed. "Talk as we may around the subject of our friendship, we can't hide from ourselves that it is under the ban of people who sit and look on at it dispassionately—that it has got to end soon, and you will stay here and I will go back to America to live as Mr. Lee says we do, 'absolutely without an atmosphere and without a background.'"

"Does not your land of freedom teach you the lesson that every man and woman born has the right to choose a career and to mould a future according to the inspiration of heart and intelligence?"

"Why do we always drift this way?" she cried impatiently.

"Then I will alter the question, and ask you if you like my Italy?"

"Like it?" answered Margot. "That I do. I seem to have dreamed before seeing them, of every campanile rising out of triple arches above a red-tiled roof; every spreading vine and olive grove, every mouldering old castle on the heights with its trefoil windows and arcades and loggias where the only living things in sight are the orange trees upon the terraces. The plains and mountains, the whole tender atmosphere of the past that veils its beautiful decay—have given me a sensation of delight and sympathy in Italy that I can't describe to you."

"Well answered!" cried Stelvio, his eyes deepening with feeling. "If you have that sense of personal relation to our landscape, think what it is to me—flesh, blood and religion—everything! Nevertheless, I can think of an emergency under which I would give up and journey to live in a far foreign land, and try to wrest a livelihood from aliens."

"No, no. Don't step out of your frame, please," said Margot, trying to speak lightly. "Even Mrs. Clandeboye says you are so perfectly harmonious to your surroundings."

"Don't quote that faded London fine lady to me now, I beg. It is enough that you believe that I am better here. I have actually made a beginning in literature that gives me more than encouragement. If only——"

"You will write me next year that you have succeeded splendidly, I know. You must not stay here at Far Niente alone, though. You must go to one of your large cities and surround yourself with people. Your passion for your country should not remain a sentiment, but be an inspiration! Let other craftsmen emigrate, you will surely do better on your own territory."

"You think so? That agrees well with my wishes. There are so many of our nation living upon yours, just now. It would be refreshing to remain at home."

"Besides, what you call poverty does not seem to tell here, as with us, in America. Ours is bald and crude and totally unlovely. Under the weight of it, and in the face of such tremendous wealth and display elsewhere among one's acquaintances, one feels like creeping on the earth, not walking erect. Here, on the contrary, it is no reproach, no drawback. Everything is veiled in a tender mist of bygones."

"You are too good to say as much after just having witnessed the deficiencies of Far Niente," he said, laughing.

"It was a feast for a king," she answered. "And who but you could have crowned it with the peerless Biberon? Now do you not think my aunt and Mrs. Clandeboye will be wondering where I am? I am almost certain, too, that I caught a glimpse between the trees, of a boat directing its course toward your landing—there may be visitors——"

"I never have visitors," said Stelvio, shaking his handsome head. As she spoke of going, a cold hand seemed to clutch at his heartstrings. The old sad look came back into his eyes. His boyish gaiety had vanished.

"Oh! not yet; not yet!" he pleaded, coming closer to her.

Poor Stelvio was tried beyond his strength. The hour was there, the woman, the opportunity. Never had she looked to him so exquisite. Her kind words, her sweet understanding of his needs, her praise of his beloved country, had been fuel to his flame. After all, she was an American and accustomed, perhaps (though he devoutly hoped not!) to have a man's love declared to her directly, not through her parents.

"I did not mean to speak!" he said brokenly. "Even now, I hardly know what to say—but—but you must know I love you—with my whole heart, for my whole life, I love you!"

Margot had honestly meant not to let it come to this. His impetuosity frightened while it charmed her. She drew away from him sharply, going over to stand beneath the marble Hermes, and putting out her hand with a restraining gesture.

"No—no—you must not," she breathed, rather than spoke.

"You mean because I am on my own ground—that there are no formalities—it could never be that you would fancy I lacked respect."

"Not that. With us, as you know, a girl may hear for herself, and answer for herself—but—" she found it hopeless to say more.

"Don't mind. Whatever it is, forgive me," he cried fervently. "Now that I've spoken the words can no more come back to me than water can run uphill. Only tell me that you've felt from the first that I worshiped you—why, Margot, you were born for me!"

Her eyes fell before his masterful ones. She tried to control her panting voice to rebuke him further.

"Oh! it can't be, don't you see—even if I did——"

"If you did—you do, you do. I can see it in every line of your beautiful face. Your eyes can't hide it. You do—you do! To say otherwise would be a lie to your best self. And since this is so, what does anything else matter in the world?"

"It can't be. It can't, I tell you," she cried desperately.

"Because I am so poor?"

"Because I am so poor," she interrupted.

"Do you think I care if you come to me without a sou? Ah! never in this world. I am American enough for that. And if you are mine——"

"Please don't say such things. How can I make you understand? It is not for myself only—my family—they are in need, I have no right to leave them and distress them by doing this."

"I see. I would not be acceptable to them and to Madame Metheun, your aunt. I ought to have realized how I must seem in the light of a parti—and that such a Countess Stelvio as I can present to the world you live in would be a farce."

"That is worse than anything," she cried passionately. "You hurt me dreadfully by saying it."

"It is only too true. Looked at in the plain daylight of facts, I am a poor stick of a lover. But I am young, I am strong, I have made a beginning—if your family have not set their standard too high——"

Margot, to whom the image of McPhail arose annoyingly, uttered an exclamation of distaste. Stelvio saw that he had touched a sensitive point.

"There is someone, then—someone to whom they expect to give you?" he exclaimed with a darkening brow. "Why was I so blind as not to see it before?"

"Whatever anyone expects," she interrupted, proudly, "I am free as air."

"Ah! thank God for that," he exclaimed. "I could not have it in my thoughts of you that during this time when our two hearts were pulsing toward each other steadily, there had been another man who had any rights however small, over you."

"I think you should know," she went on, blushing crimson, "that there is someone whom they want me to marry—who has it in his power to do all of us what would lighten our burdens infinitely. But I can never bear to think of him!"

Her childlike naivete touched and pleased her moody hearer to a smile. Already the rainbow of hope had begun to grow dim in Stelvio's zenith. He saw at a glance what was before him, but it appeared to him that he could move a rock of Gibraltar to secure her.

For a few moments, neither spoke. Stelvio was revolving in his mind a scheme that had occurred to him. Margot had given herself over to honest despair. At her age, molehills became mountains at a minute's notice. To have this joy brought so near, and snatched away so utterly! She felt that until she could better control her face and feelings, it was impossible to go back into the house.

While the old, old sorrow of parting was rending these two young hearts, Hermes smiled on, faintly, inscrutably. In his time he had seen so many vows exchanged, had heard the words "never," "forever," taken in vain so repeatedly! And yet, year after year, the sun went on trickling in through a canopy of leaves to warm him, the nightingales sang ever, the rhododendrons put on their panoply of flowers around his ancient frame—with him nothing altered. Hermes must be pardoned for a slight incredulity regarding human vows!

"Now, we can wait no longer," said the girl, finally. "They will be wanting to leave, I know. Let all this be as if it had not been spoken between us."

"You do not know me if you think I will give up, now," he answered, with a new look of resolve upon his face. "Until I have accomplished what will help me to go before your people and ask for you with a clearer conscience, I will submit to any restriction you may put upon me. But you have not done with me yet, I'll promise you."

A wild heart beat impeded her utterance.

So absorbed were both in reading in each other's eyes what was forbidden to speech, they did not hear footsteps approaching through the green maze of shrubbery, leading into their illumined glade.

"One thing at least is certain," said Margot, smiling happily. "There's nothing or nobody who can prevent our remaining friends."

Two shadows fell across the slab of sunshine at Hermes' feet. To Margot's inexpressible astonishment, she beheld advancing toward them, hats in hand, two men, the first being a stranger whom she did not identify—the second embodying the unwelcome apparition of Mr. Angus McPhail.

"A thousand pardons, Signor Count!" said the older of the new arrivals. "Understanding from Guiseppe that your guests were about to leave, I brought Mr. McPhail here to wait until you were disengaged."

"Mr. McPhail is welcome to Villa Far Niente," said Count Stelvio, shaking hands formally. "I presume that I need not present him to my guest, his countrywoman? Miss Methuen has been good enough to allow me to show her our gardens, before returning with her aunt to their hotel."

Margot hardly heard his further introduction of the lawyer, Count Stelvio's over-zealous man of affairs who had brought about this climax. To good old Signor Barrera, who from his boyhood had held in inherited affection, the fortunes, good and evil, of the Stelvio family, the occasion was one that demanded chiefly the earliest possible removal of the interrupting presence of a mere visiting young lady. He had that day elicited from McPhail an offer so much in excess of any previously made for the coveted Biberon, that to a concrete mind like Signor Barrera's, only a madman would hold back from it. For the sum thus to be secured to his client would not alone put him on his feet financially, but well invested, would bring in a yearly income more than sufficient for Stelvio's modest needs. Not for years had Signor Barrera looked so cheerful, so much like the angel of good tidings in a rusty frock coat and a brilliantly spotted blue necktie with flowing ends!

The lawyer had been annoyed, upon landing, to find his client preoccupied with guests. He had lost no time in bringing the would be purchaser directly to the spot where he could view the coveted treasure and close the transaction with its owner. Of all days for Stelvio to have visitors!

Signor Barrera was too much preoccupied by his own eager anxieties to observe anything unusual in the manner of his American client toward the Italian one at the moment of their coming together. He did not see the flash of suspicion in McPhail's bold black eyes succeeding his look of astonished pleasure that had fallen upon Margot Methuen's radiant youth and beauty enshrined in the Stelvio garden. Still less did Signor Barrera take note of the girl's sudden pallor, the hunted look upon her face as she coldly placed her finger tips in McPhail's broad right hand in greeting.

Stelvio, vexed beyond measure at the interruption, excused himself to the newcomers, promising to rejoin them shortly, and conducted Miss Methuen into the house. It was not until some time after his luncheon guests were safely installed in their boat and waving back to him from the water, that he could control himself to return to the Court of Hermes, and request Barrera and McPhail to come into his library.

(To Be Continued.)

ECZEMA

Free Trial

of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure for Eczema. You do not have to risk one penny on my treatment as it actually stops the itching and cures you to stay cured. A free trial will prove this. I want you to write me today sure. Address

DR. J. E. CANNADAY, 509 PARK SQUARE, SEDALIA, MO.

A Lazy Liver

May be only a tired liver, or a starved liver. It would be a stupid as well as savage thing to beat a weary or starved man because he lagged in his work. So in treating the lagging, torpid liver it is a great mistake to lash it with strong drastic drugs. A torpid liver is but an indication of an ill-nourished, enfeebled body whose organs are weary with over work. Start with the stomach and allied organs of digestion and nutrition. Put them in working order and see how quickly your liver will become active. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has made many marvelous cures of "liver trouble" by its wonderful control of the organs of digestion and nutrition. It restores the normal activity of the stomach, increases the secretions of the blood-making glands, cleanses the system from poisonous accumulations, and so relieves the liver of the burdens imposed upon it by the defection of other organs.

If you have bitter or bad taste in the morning, poor or variable appetite, coated tongue, foul breath, constipated or irregular bowels, feel weak, easily tired, despondent, frequent headaches, pain or distress in "small of back," gnawing or distressed feeling in stomach, perhaps nausea, "risings" in throat after eating, and kindred symptoms of weak stomach and torpid liver, no medicine will relieve you more promptly or cure you more permanently than Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Perhaps only a part of the above symptoms will be present at one time and yet point to torpid liver or biliousness and weak stomach. Avoid all hot bread and biscuits, griddle cakes and other indigestible food and take the "Golden Medical Discovery" regularly and stick to its use until you are vigorous and strong.

The "Discovery" is non-secret, non-alcoholic, is a glyceric extract of native medicinal roots with a full list of its ingredients printed on each bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. Its ingredients are endorsed and extolled by the most eminent medical writers of the age and are recommended to cure the diseases for which it is advised.

Don't accept a substitute of unknown composition for this non-secret MEDICINE OF KNOWN COMPOSITION.

AVOIDING THE RUSH

A Mormon's wife, coming downstairs one morning, met the physician who was attending her husband.

"Is he very ill?" she asked anxiously.

"He is," replied the physician. "I fear that the end is not far off."

"Do you think," she asked hesitatingly, "do you think it proper that I should be at his bedside during his last moments?"

"Yes. But I advise you to hurry, madam. The best places are already being taken."—Everybody's Magazine.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

The International Sunday School Lesson for June 28 is A Temperance Lesson. Eph. 5:6-21.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

A few days ago The Brethren, or Dunkards, as they are commonly called, held their annual gathering in the Middle West, and the newspaper dispatches paid as much heed to their peculiar tenets as though they had just been adopted or discovered. This people, like the Friends and Mennonites, have earned for themselves at least the unique distinction of unworldliness. In gentleness and thrift, and unmindful of the rushing world's ways, they quietly pursue what they believe to be the course Scripturally enjoined upon Brethren of our Lord.

The Dunkards have laid stress upon the Pauline injunction concerning separateness. There is, and should be, in certain profound particulars, a clear distinction between Christians and non-Christians. It is this separation between the Church and the world that the apostle is emphasizing in the passage from Ephesians which is the day's Sunday school lesson. Paul's summons is to non-conformity; the summons of our own time is to conformity. The present peril of the Church is that she will become so thoroughly merged with contemporaneous life that she will cease to bear her natural fruits, to do her proper work, to show her divine marks of unworldliness. The multitude of men and women who think that elaborate and intricate organization is to be the means of the Church's success are on the wrong track. Organization may fairly be said to be the day's temptation. Twentieth century mechanics can be no substitute for the power of the Spirit whom Jesus sent. A holy life is more potent than intellectual subtlety in the things which make for righteousness.

Keeping Separate and Seeing Straight.

While the church in many of her parts is struggling to obliterate all her peculiarities and to become as much like the world as possible, the Pauline exhortations, set for study this week, still ring clear and commanding: "Walk as children of light;" "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness;" "Look therefore carefully how ye walk, . . . because the days are evil;" "Be not drunk with wine."

Christian croakers have been lifting up their voices so noisily in the land of late that some of the religious journals have rebuked them as "muckrakers." The trouble with them is that their eyes have become filled with the world's fog; they need to get out of intimate relations with the world and into closer touch with the people of God. The importance of spiritual atmosphere is not regarded as seriously as it should be; a man who would not think of living in a city's slums, yet lets his soul breathe daily only the fetid air of worldliness, making no effort to keep company on the open heights with the noblest of spirits in the rarer atmosphere of spirituality, where the perspective is truer.

Why Not Take a Drink?

On this broad basis, laid down by Paul, the present temperance lesson is to be taught. Self-pleasing and conventionality are the two greatest reasons for indulgence in intoxicants. Scripture strikes at the root of both of these by the royal laws of self-denial and separateness. The Christian may not please himself any more than Christ did, and as for the world's way, he is expressly bidden not to walk therein. The plea that "everybody does" can have no weight with a discriminating Christian.

Even the brewers and saloonkeepers are now raising their voice in behalf of "temperance," or moderation. They see that the "do-as-you-please" argument, and their overworked plea of "personal liberty" cannot win in this day of social tendencies. They are not shrewd enough to see that the argument of self-restraint, pushed to its ultimate issue, leads to self-denial and abstinence for the sake of society. Knock away the prop of self-indulgence from under the use of intoxicants and the whole business falls. If a man may not rightfully, and with a free conscience, please himself, regardless of other considerations, then there is no place in the world for the cup that inebriates. Self-pleasing is the pillar and foundation of the liquor traffic.

Some folk, short-sighted, beholding the rapacity of predatory wealth and other forms of greed, think that the intense self-interest thus manifested, marks the trend of these new times. Bless their poor blind eyes, they cannot see that this sort of thing is not new! It came into fashion when Adam ate the apple, without thought of consequences. Self-interest, in all its cruelty and ugliness, is not new; it is as old as heathendom, as you would see it in its unmitigated completeness, go to China, or India, or Africa. This law of self-interest, which underlies the entire drink traffic, is not twentieth century and American; it is distinctively Pagan, and heathenish. That is the hell from which we are emerging. The surviving signs of it attract especial attention only because we see them in the bright light of the vicarious teaching of Jesus.

The Trend of the Times.

Nobody is reading his newspaper aright who does not discern in these frequently recurring reports of encouraging temperance victories a plain evidence that the world is growing more closely interrelated, more brotherly and more vicarious. Each man's good is becoming increasingly every man's goal. The new conventionality is partaking of the spirit of unselfishness. The day's watchword is social service; the signs of the times are many and multiform, and the temperance movement is only one of them.

"To every pleasure there cometh satiety," declared an old writer: he should have excepted the pleasure of doing good, and of helping to bring in the reign of love to displace the rule of selfishness. This social conception of Christianity is in large part responsible for the world's new attitude toward intoxicants. The general reform is promoted by total abstinence; therefore for the sake of the weak the strong are willing to do without that to which they might be entitled. Every act of self-denial binds us to the world of fellow-beings whose welfare we serve. Jesus has won the heart of humanity, not by his lofty ethical teachings, but by his unreserved sacrifice of himself. He "emptied himself;" therefore the world is ful of Him. The Bible basis of temperance is this Christly one of self-denial for the world's sake.

THE MAN IN DEBT

God have mercy on those who owe,
The honest-hearted who cannot pay;
Bearers of burdens of care and woe
Beneath the shadows from day to day!
Lord, look down with a tender grace
On those who struggle but cannot thrive;
The dust of failure upon their face,
From lost ideals for which they strive!

God give courage to those in debt,
With the will to do but the way so far,
Their high hopes cast and their dreaming set
On the green hills under the golden star!
Slaves of the chances that save or break,
Victims of forces they cannot foresee—
Pity them, Master, for all men's sake,
With the heart of pity that beats in Thee!

Dreamers of dreams for the world's delight,
Prophets and sages and all things wise,
Pity them, God, in their debtors' night,
With the great, dark shadow upon their eyes!
Led by the visions that gleam and glow,
Fanciful, childlike in faith and trust,
God have mercy on those who owe
And lead them out of the blinding dust!
Chance, misfortune, ill-luck, what not,
Hard as they struggle, their fate is drear,
Paying and paying—the debtor's lot—
And never an end, with the future clear!
Pity them, pity them—they have bled
Under the burden their hearts have borne;
Their feet are scarred on the stones they tread,
Their souls are weary and gray and worn!

God have mercy—the world has none,
And hounds are after them day by day,
Bill and judgment and threat and dun—
O, pity the helpless who cannot pay!
Lord, look down on the men who owe,
Strive as they will 'gainst the demon debt,
That they may not fall, though the shadows grow—
For under Thy love they may win out yet!

GUESSING CHARACTER

How People of Various Professions Have Done It.

There can be little doubt that close observation of people, and ability to read their character and their thoughts, is of immense value in trade and commerce, especially for a shop assistant or salesman in persuading people to buy goods, or in detecting would-be swindlers. It is said that you can tell a man's character from the way he wears his hat. If it is slightly on one side, the wearer is good-natured; if it is worn very much on the side, he is a swaggerer; if on the back of his head, he is bad at paying his debts; while if worn straight on the top, he is probably honest, but very dull.

The way a man or woman walks is often a very good guide to character. Witness the fussy, swaggering little man, paddling along with short steps, with much arm action; the nervous man's hurried, jerky stride; the slow slouch of the loafer; the smooth going and silent step of the scout, and so on.

"I was once accused," says Lieut. Gen. Baden-Powell, from whose work on Scouting for Boys this information is taken, "of mistrusting men with waxed mustaches. Well, so, to a certain extent, I am. It often means vanity and sometimes drink. Certainly, the 'quiff' or lock of hair which some lads wear on their foreheads is a sure sign of silliness."

Apart from being of extreme interest and value to boys, the guide which the redoubtable "B.-P." gives on the art of judging character by keeping your eyes open should be of much service to grown-ups. You can generally tell from a person's boots whether he is is rich or poor.

"I was once able," says the famous soldier, "to be of service to a lady who was in poor circumstances, as I had guessed it from noticing while walking behind her, that, though she was well dressed, the soles of her shoes were in the last stage of disrepair. I could not suppose she ever knew how I guessed that she was in a bad way.

"But it is surprising how much of the sole of a boot you can see when behind a person walking—and it is equally surprising how much meaning you can read from that boot. It is said that to wear out soles and heels equally is to give evidence of business capacity and honesty; to wear your heels down on the outside means that you are a man of imagination and love of adventure; but heels worn down on the inside signify weakness and indecision of character, and this last sign is more infallible in the case of man than in that of woman.

"It is an amusing practice when you are in a railway carriage or omnibus with other people to look only at their feet and guess, without looking any higher, what sort of people they are, old or young, well-to-do or poor, fat or thin, and so on, and then look up and see how near you have been to the truth.

"Mr. Nat Goodwin, the American actor, once described to me how he went to see a balloon ascent at a time when he happened to be suffering from a stiff neck. He was only able to look down instead of up—and he could see only the feet of the people around him in the crowd, so he chose among the feet those that he felt sure belonged to an affable, kind-hearted man who would describe to him what the balloon was doing.

"I was speaking with a detective not long ago about a gentleman we had both been talking to, and we were trying to make out his character. I remarked: 'Well, at any rate, he is a fisherman,' but my companion could not see why; but then he was not a fisherman himself. I had noticed a lot of little tufts of cloth sticking to the left cuff of his coat.

"A good many fishermen, when they take their flies off the line, stick them into their cap to dry; others stick them into their sleeve. When dry they pull them out, which often tears a thread or two of the cloth."—Tit-Bits.

IS IT A SQUARE DEAL?

"Carlyle once said that his wife's relation to him was the same as his relation ot his Creator. Carlyle lived a good many years ago. He was a genius. Geniuses say and do strange things. You look upon your wife quite differently. You have the enlightened views of the twentieth century American. Are you sure, however, says Appleton's, that you are giving your wife a square deal? Perhaps she, with all her charm and brains, doesn't happen to have either great energy or executive ability. She may not want any occupation outside your home. She may not be strong enough for anything else. In that case she must get her experience of life second hand. She can, perhaps, get much from her reading, from her friends. She must, however, depend mainly upon you. You must be her point of contact with the larger life outside your home. You must be the window through which she looks out upon the world and learns the lessons the world alone can teach." So says a writer in the May Appelton's. "If you surround your doings with an air of mystery—make the patronizing assumption that she can't understand the affairs which interest and occupy you, you deliberately narrow her life, you deliberately lessen her chances for efficiency and happiness. No matter how good a provider you may be, no matter how kind and considerate, you are not giving her a square deal. This does not mean that you should heap your business cares and troubles upon your wife's head. That would be as wrong as for her to shift her domestic troubles to your shoulders.

"Perhaps you are so unfortunate as to be discontented with your wife. She is frivolous, extravagant, unpractical. You feel that her beauty does not counteract these deficiencies? Probably that is true, but who is to blame? Did you marry her because she was economical, practical, a good housekeeper, a good prospective mother? You were fascinated by her because she was pretty, irresponsible, illogical and whimsical. You are now discontented with her because she is irresponsible, illogical and whimsical. Did you think that a wedding ring and a husband would change her nature? Would you buy a horse because he could travel in 2:10, and then become disgusted with him because he couldn't haul brick? Strange as it may seem the wife with whom you are discontented was once the pretty girl whom you were wild to marry. Nobody made you marry her! She didn't tell you she was a good cook or an experienced housekeeper. Your mother wanted you to marry another girl who was both. You laughed at the thought. You got what you wanted. If you don't want what you got that is your fault and yours alone. Why not give up expecting the impossible of your wife, and expect only the possible? If you thus give her an honest chance she may yet achieve what now seems impossible. If she does not, take your medicine!"

LONDON'S ARTESIAN WELLS

Settlement of St. Paul's Ascribed to Their Presence.

Cassier's Magazine, writing upon the stability of clay foundations—a question which has been to the fore of late in connection with underground railways—says that it is extremely probable that the true cause of the settlemen of St. Paul's cathedral is generally unsuspected. It is almost certainly not due to the boring of the railway underneath Cheapside nor to the drainage of the surface soil;

"The true cause (the writer proceeds) of the settlement seems far more probably due to the numerous artesian wells in London. At one time the chalk-water level under London was above the river level. Now it is below the level of the London clay. Whereas formerly the upper surface of the chalk-water pressed against the under surface of the clay with a pressure of some fifty pounds to the square inch, now it does not touch; the dry and sandy strata are interposed between the clay and the water. Thus for years now there has been a tendency for the clay to lose its water and shrink, and it has shrunk and allowed buildings to settle. It has shrunk most where the heavier parts of buildings, as might be expected."

Foundations ought now, perhaps, to be carried down farther than in Wren's time, but with the clay in a dry condition there is certainly less likelihood of further shrinkage.

The Farmstead

Questions for Answer.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

There is a disease which afflicts cattle, horses and man. In the case cattle it appears first about the eyes and ears in spots from the size of a dime to a dollar; the hair comes out and leaves a white thick, scaly spot, generally about the head, but often seen all over the body. Does any Farmstead reader know what it is? The doctors here cannot tell.—R., Sleith, W. Va.

I have a high-bred road mare, five years old, that appear to be stiff in the shoulders, having been in that condition about three weeks. I do not know the cause, but think it is the result of watering when too warm. Can any reader give a cure through the Farmstead columns?—S., Archbold, O.

Will some reader kindly let me know what to give cows before calving, to prevent milk fever and garget? How long before calving should it be given? —H., Minerva, W. Va.

Wood Ashes for Mites.

Editor Farmstead:

No truer description could be given of the wretchedness of a hennery infested with mites than is found in your issue of June 4th. A faint notion can be had of what the hens and little chickens suffer, by going in to try to clear out the terrible pest. Now, by experience, I know there is no need of all this suffering

QUESTION BUREAU ?

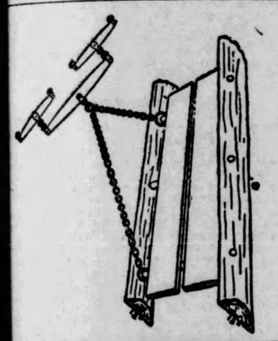
RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions on religious topics—no questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

The Split-Log Drag.

Will the Question Bureau please give a drawing and description of the split-log road drag? Also tell how to build and use the same?—J. W. B., Charleston, West Virginia.

For answer to this we will depend largely on the information furnished by Secretary Coburn, of the Kansas department of agriculture, who is an enthusiastic advocate of the use of the split-log road drag:

The drag may be made of a log, say 8 feet long and 12 inches through, split in the middle, or of two pieces of sawed oak or other substantial wood, 2x8 inches. After the log is split, giving two flat-faced slabs, bore three 2-inch holes in each slab, as shown in drawing; connect the slabs, facing the same direction, with three stakes or rounded three-by-threes long enough to leave three feet of space between the slabs after the connecting pieces have been driven into the holes. Two or three planks can be nailed to these pieces, affording a place for the driver to stand and, at the same time, strengthening the drag. Use a chain or



strong rope for attachment to the double-tree. Supposing the drag to face west and assuming that a chain is used, fasten one end of the chain to or around the lefthand outside connecting brace, letting the chain pass over the top of the slab. If attached to the face of the slab near the lefthand end, the chain would interfere with the movement of dirt toward that end of the drag. The drag is run at an angle of about 45 degrees, so that dirt can be thrown toward one side. The other end of the chain must be fastened to the face of the front slab, near where the righthand connecting piece comes through and not around the connecting piece as it is in the illustration. Shoe about three feet of the bottom edge (righthand side) of the front slab with a piece of iron or steel of the right length, about three inches wide and a half-inch thick, with one edge sharp or beveled. Put it on securely, letting the sharp edge project about half an inch below the edge of the slab. This shoe will enable the drag better to shave the surface and cut down the hard ridges which are usually met with on roads that have not been kept smooth. A good drag will cost from almost nothing to $2.50, depending on the material and construction, and last five or ten years. Anybody can make one.

Roads should be dragged ten or twelve times a year. The time is after each soaking rain, so that the drag will form a smooth mud coat on the surface. When the frost is leaving the ground is an excellent time; the drag should be in use from then until winter. The work does not interfere with ordinary farming operations. As when the right time to drag the soil is too wet or the conditions unsuited for many kinds of field work. It is difficult to invent a good excuse for not dragging. Used at the right time and with proper frequency on practically all types of corn belt soils and those of the prairey or rolling sections, the drag will make roads smooth, hard and convex—the three fundamental characteristics of an ideal dirt road. The process will form a sort of a shell or casing over the surface, which will shed water like a roof, and by distributing travel over the entire area instead of confining it to the center, the shell will constantly increase in solidity. At the outset, dragging cannot be done so rapidly as when the road has been shaped by several sweeps of the drag; after that is done work, the job can be done in half the time originally required. Any boy and farm team can operate the drag.

The President's Cabinet.

Will the Bureau kindly name the members of the President's cabinet? Please give date of appointment of each member. What salary do they receive?—L. A. U., Dalton, Ky.

Here, once more, are the members of President Roosevelt's cabinet: Secretary of state, Elihu Root; secretary of the treasury, George B. Cortelyou; secretary of war—after July 1—Luke E. Wright, (Taft's successor); attorney general, Charles J. Bonaparte; postmaster general, George von L. Meyer; secretary of the navy, Victor H. Metcalf; secretary of interior, James R. Garfield; secretary of agriculture, James Wilson; secretary of commerce and labor, Oscar S. Straus. The salaries of cabinet officers are $12,000 each. We cannot give the various dates of the appointments of present members.

Origin of Christian Names.

Will the Question Bureau kindly tell us something about the early use of Christian names?—H. T. L., Proctor, Pa.

Names distinguishing one individual from another have been in use from the earliest ages of human society. Among the Jews, the name given to a child either originated in some circumstance of birth, or was an expression of religious sentiment. Old Testament names are almost all original—i. e., given in the first instance to the persons bearing them; but the Jews, like other nations, after accumulating a considerable stock of names, began to repeat them, and we find new names in the New Testament which have not been used before. In Old Testament times, it was an occasional practice to adopt a change of names on the occasion of an important event in one's life. The Greeks bore only one name, given on the tenth day after their birth, which was the right of the father to choose, and alter if he pleased. The earliest Greek names are generally expressive of some quality in high estimation, of valor, skill, wisdom, or gracefulness (Callimachus, excellent fighter; Pherecrates, strength bringer; Sophron, wise; Melanthus, black flower). In later times, when the faith of the gods was on the wane, names derived from Apollo and Anthene, or indicative of favor of Olympus (Apollodorus, gift of Apollo), came into fashion. The eldest son generally bore the name of his paternal grandfather, and the confusion arising from the repetition of the same name was attempted to be obviated by appending the father's name, (either simply, or turned into a patronymic), the occupation, the place of birth, or a nickname. The Romans, at a very early period bore two names, and afterwards every Roman citizen had three. The praenomen, like our Christian name, was personal to the individual—Caius, Marcus, Cheuis; in writing, generally abbreviated to an initial or two letters, C. M., or Cn. It was given in early times on the attainment of maturity, and afterwards on the ninth day after birth. There were about thirty recognized praenomina. Women had no praenomen till marriage, when they took the feminine form of that borne by their husband. The Celtic and Teutonic names, like Jewish and Greek, had been only originally very significant at an early period their exuberance became checked; people contented themselves with repeating the old stock.

While the speech of Europe was undergoing a transformation, the names in use remained the same; belonging to an obsolete tongue, their significance by and by became unintelligible to the people using them. The spread of Christianity threw a number of the old names into comparative oblivion, and introduced new ones. The names selected at baptism were more frequently taken from the history of the Bible or the church than from the old traditional repertory, which, however, was never altogether disused. Many names, supposed to be local and very ancient, particularly in the Scottish Highlands, Wales and Cornwall, are in reality but corruptions of names of Christian origin which are in use elsewhere. Owen, Evan and Eoghand (the latter often anglicised into Hector), seem all to be forms of Johann or John. A change of name was sometimes made at confirmation. Periods of religious and political excitement have had a very powerful influence in modifying the fashion in names. The Puritans would only admit of two classes of names, those directly expressive of religious sentiment—Praise God, Live well—and names which occur in the Scripture; these latter indiscriminately made use of, however obscure their meaning, or however indifferent the character of the original bearer of them. Old Testament names were used in preference to the New, probably because they did not convey the notion of a patron saint. In Germany the names in use are particularly free from foreign admixture; they are almost all either of Teutonic origin, or connected with the early history of Christianity. In Britain, the number of names has, particularly since the Reformation, been more limited than in most other countries. In some families of distinction, unusual names have been handed down from father to son for centuries. Peregrine among Bertles, and Sholto in the Douglas family. The accumulation of two or more Christian names only became common in the present century, and another practice which has gained ground in Britain is the use of surnames as Christian names. More recently, various old names, particularly feminine names—as Maud, Florence, Ethel—have been withdrawn from their obscurity and resuscitated.

St. Cecelia.

Kindly tell Question Bureau readers something about Saint Cecelia.—I. B., Unionville, Mich.

Saint Cecelia was a Christian virgin and martyr. By story or legend, she is represented as a Roman lady of noble birth, a Christian from childhood, and from her early years vowed to virginity. Yet her parents gave her in marriage to a young noble, Valerianus, whom Cecelia persuaded not only to respect her vow, but also to become a Christian; and he, converted, induced also his brother, Tiburtius, and their intimate friend, Maximus, to enter Christ's fold; shortly after these three suffered martyrdom together. Cecelia now, in anticipation of the same fate or the same crown, distributed her possessions among the poor and this becoming known to the prefect of Rome, he ordered her to be taken to his own mansion and there burned to death. But the virgin, exposed to the flames for a day and a night, was found unhurt; and after the ax of the headsman had failed to sever her head from her body, at last she won the double wreath of virginity and martyrdom. This was in the reign of Alexander Severus and in the pontificate of Urban I., about the year 230. Urban erected a church in her honor which was called by her name. The church of Saint Cecelia is still one of the most notable churches of Rome, having been again and again repired or reconstructed. In this account of Saint Cecelia nothing is said of the musical accomplishments of the virgin, but legend makes much of them.

Death Valley.

Will the Question Bureau please give a sketch of Death Valley?—J. A. L., Odd, W. Va.

Death valley is a low desert in Inyo county, California, near the Nevada border. No other such spot is known. It lies oblong from north to south. Its length is about 50 miles, width about 35, surface about 210 feet lower than that of the ocean. In the August atmosphere there is less than one-half of one per cent of moisture. The surrounding country is made up of volcanic ranges, which have furnished the valley with the borax now found there. On the north of the valley is Ralston desert, on the west, Panamint desert, on the south Mojave desert, and Armagosa desert is on the east. Death valley has the lowest depression. Summer heat here rises to 137 degrees or more, far higher than anywhere else in the western world. Death valley, as seen from the summit of the Panamint range, presents in November a long gray waste desert, in which there are narrow bands of white made by thin deposits of borax; and to the south is a seen a thin line like a blade of steel—the Amargosa river, as it dies away upon entering Death valley sink. It is a sluggish, dead stream, and evaporation and absorption at last take it all. In the gorges are seen numerous vines and creepers, on which grow wild gourds resembling oranges. Here also are the most distorted forms of the cacti. The wealth of the desert is wholly mineral.

A sandstorm in Death valley is described as a wonderful sight. Here mirage raises up spectral cities, groves, fields and tree-margined rivers. A lowly ruin will seem to be hundreds of feet high; arrow-weeds are magnified into stately pines; and crows walking on the ground appear as men on horseback. Besides crows, here are seen a few poor jackrabbits, mangy coyotes, buzzards, horned toads, red-eyed rattlesnakes, mice and mountain rats. Human society in Death valley is confined to a few miners in the Funerol, Calico and Panamint mountains, some few roving bands of Piute Indians and a few squawmen owning cattle.

Western Oregon and Washington.

Will you kindly tell through the Question Bureau about the climate of western Oregon and Washington?—J. G. H,. Gibbon, Neb.

The climate of western Oregon is said to be much like that of England, but milder in winter, except in elevated places. The rain fall is abundant and in many places excessive, ranging as high as 100 and even 140 inches per year. This part of the state is especially adapted to wool growing, cattle breeding and the growth of the best grades of winter wheat, barley and oats. Hay is produced abundantly. Indian corn does not thrive, the summers being too cool. The main fruit growing region is the area between the coast and the Cascade range.

Th climate of Washington on the Pacific side of the Cascade range is generally equable, with mild winters and temperate summers. The rainfall over most of the region west of the Cascade range is very heavy, rising in some places to 140 and 150 inches a year. Eastern Washington is an admirable region for grazing. Indian corn and the peach ripen here. The arable lands of the western section are of unsurpassed fertility.

Miscellaneous.

R. M., Holley, Mich.: Address Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, department of agriculture, Washington, D. C., for the information you desire.

G. M. H., Waterford, Pa.: In case of the removal of both president and vice president, the secretary of state would succeed to the office, under provision of an act of congress.

W. L. B., Adams, Ky.: The Bureau cannot give a sketch of the Joseph Ball you mention; know nothing concerning him or his estate.

J. Q. A., Larwill, Ind.: The Standard Oil company fine of $29,240,000 has not as yet been paid. The case is not through the courts.

D. W. K., Buckland, O.: The "squirrel hunters" was the name given an organization consisting of many thousands of soldiers from Ohio and Indiana, whose mission in 1862 was the protection of these states from invasion.

J. N. A., Willis, Va.: If you will refer to Question Bureau in The Blade of June 11 you will find an answer to your question.

C. H., Mures Mills, Ky.: W. W. Rockhill is the United States minister to China.

A. C. C., Holyoke, Colo.: The Bureau has not the statistics at hand which would be required to answer your questions.

S. D. G., Terre Alta, W. V.: We have not the technical knowledge required to answer your questions.

J. C., Chickasha, Okla.: The Blade does not have the book about which you ask. The Bureau editor is of the opinion that it is out of print.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"Has she adopted a new fad? She carries her head tilted to one side now." "That's no fad. It's a habit she has fallen into in consequence of having to go through so many narrow doorways with that new spring hat of hers."—Chicago Tribune.

The man that is happy in all things is more rare than the phoenix.—Italian.

Captain of College Boat Crew—"I received your application this morning for a position with my crew. Pretty nervy for a man of your slim build."

Thin College Freshman (anxiously)—"Couldn't you use me in some capacity, sir?"

Captain of College Boat Crew—"Well, you might be useful in case we lost an oar during a race."—Rochester Democrat.

He hastens to repentance who hastily judges—Syrus.

"That young Jenks is a useful fellow to meet in a sudden shower, for he always carries an umbrella."

"Yes; the girls all call him their rain beau."—Baltimore American.

Kindle not a fire which you can't put out.—Irish.

THE GIRL THAT WAS TRUE.

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

Men who suddenly "strike it rich," and go by leaps and bounds from poverty to affluence, have figured too often in the recent history of this country to arouse more than passing comment or wonder. People of humble beginnings, who, by power of money, buy a place in fashionable society and exchange their dollars and their daughters for the sake of having a title in the family, have often provided copy for the sensational papers and themes for the fiction writers.

There are few who have not read these stories of happiness sacrificed to ambition, and of the tragedy attending mercenary international marriages, but there was a girl once who played this game of chance nearly to its finish, and then, tiring of the gamble, turned back before it was too late. Her name was Kate—Kate Clifford. She was born in a Pennsylvania village. The village was named Toddsville when Kate came into the world; later, when her father, Horace Clifford, became its richest citizen, the name was changed to Cliffordsburg in his honor.

Kate was not more than 10 years of age when the Cliffords were known as the town's leading people. Her father was rich then, and he kept growing richer from the oil wells he owned, and from fortunate investments. He was a plain, cool-headed sort of a man, who did not forget in the shower of gold that rained upon him the days when the farm was his financial arena, and the harvest he reaped from the soil gave him his means of living.

When, from out of the depths of the soil, there came to him almost fabulous riches, he still thought of his oil lands as "the farm," and half regretted the vanishing of its green fields and the serried ranks of corn. Following his wife's wishes, he built a handsome home in the village, and there the Clifford family lived in unostentatious plenty. They entertained a good many democratic companies, characteristic of a small town, and Kate went her blithe way, uninfluenced by her father's wealth in her choice of friends and companions. She was the sort of a girl everybody liked. Her simple, unassuming manner disarmed jealousy and envy, and her childhood was one of uninterrupted "good times."

When she was 16 years old she was sent away to school. Mrs. Clifford picked out the most expensive one she could hear of. She was beginning to understand something of the size of their income, though she was, as yet, unaware of the almost limitless possibilities presented by their money.

Kate was their only child. To her would come an inheritance of millions, and she must be taught the ways of other girls in a like position. She went to a city school, where she was promptly called "the villager." She accepted the name good-naturedly. "I don't care what you call me, only so you like me," she said. She had her wish, and it was not long before Kate held the same sort of place in her school that she held in her home village.

Kate was a girl born to be popular. She radiated good-will, and attracted it toward her. She was much like her father in this. In spite of the fact that he was keen and shrewd and a man of big affairs, he never lost his feeling of good-will toward others.

Kate insisted upon spending her vacations at home. She liked to get back to the informal life of the village where the faces of those she met, brightened at sight of her, and where she was Katie, or Kate Clifford, from one end of the town to the other. Then, too, there was a young man in the case. There could not help but be, with a girl like Kate. The young man was James Blake, commonly known as Jim. He was a few years older than Kate, but they had been companions in many a youthful prank, and, when Jim left home to work his way through college, Kate wept openly and unashamed for an hour or more after his departure. Her father offered to pay Jim's expenses, but the boy was of an independent, self-reliant nature, and, while he was grateful to Mr. Clifford, he refused his assistance.

His education, so far as college learning was concerned, was ended soon after Kate's boarding school days begun. Jim proved his mettle and was self-supporting during his four years' course of study. When it was finished, he faced the world, dauntless and unafraid of anything that might happen. Long before, he had decided to marry Kate, and had imparted to her his determination, but first he must put himself in a situation to prove he was not seeking her father's money. Horace Clifford liked the young man. He would have given him a well-paid position, but Jim had studied to be a lawyer, and, having a will of his own, would not be turned from his intention.

Kate and Jim did not try to disguise the fact that they thought they were made for each other. Horace Clifford was willing they should marry, but his wife was of another opinion. At school, Kate made acquaintances who were from the world of wealth and fashion. They came to visit the Cliffords and from them Kate's mother gained ideas which gave a new color to her plans for her daughter's future.

Kate developed into a beautiful and accomplished girl, and she had a way with her that distinguished her from the average woman. She would grace the most exalted position, her mother thought, and for this thought she had reason. It was not easy to influence Kate against her own inclinations, but her mother's continual urging and entreaties, finally gained her consent to try a season of New York society. Her father would say but little regarding the project.

"It may be just as well for you to do as your mother wants. I'm not afraid my girl will do anything that's not sensible. You might as well have your fling and see how you like it. You've got the looks, and I've got the money, only keep cool and don't get dazzled by the glitter."

Jim, in his turn, would say nothing to influence her decision.

"I can't marry you now," he said, "it wouldn't be fair when I'm not sure I can support you."

"Oh, Jim, I'm willing to risk it," Kate murmured.

It required all of Jim's force of will not to take her at her word, but he remembered he was nothing more than a young lawyer with a small practice, while Kate was a rich man's only daughter.

He clenched his hands behind him, so that the touch of them should not show Kate how really weak he was in his determination.

"No dear," he forced himself to say, gently, "I'll live or die for you, but I can't marry you now; it wouldn't be fair."

Kate walked away, holding her head proudly erect, and with her cheeks scarlet.

"Kate, I love you," Jim called, not caring who might hear. "And I love you, Jim Blake," Kate called back, over her shoulder.

Kate and her mother went to New York for the purpose of making a social campaign, and Kate's school friends saw to it that they were launched in smart society. It was not strange that, for a time, Kate was fascinated by the gay life she had entered. Beauty and charm of manner, backed by her father's millions, placed her in the glare of the limelight and made her a much sought-for young lady. Naturally she was the target for fortune-hunters, but not being heart-whole, she did not take their attentions seriously, and let it be known, quietly but firmly, that she had no intention of surrending either her freedom or her fortune.

Her father joined them occasionally and looked on with amused eyes at the world of fashion in which his wife and daughter figured so conspicuously. So far as Kate was concerned, he regarded it as a passing phase which would merely be an unimportant part of her life's story. He saw that his wife had a serious attack of social ambition, but knowing she was at heart a sensible woman, he was certain of her ultimate recovery. And so as the man behind the money he signed checks and poured out his wealth without a murmur. He was willing to pay for their fun, he said.

It must be owned that in the rush of events with which Kate's life was crowned, the memory of Jim sometimes grew faint, and she wrote to him infrequently. He had offended her pride by his refusal to take her when she had offered herself to him in marriage, and her cheeks burned when she remembered the incident. Having never lacked for money, she could not appreciate its value, or understand his view of the situation.

Jim's pride was as great as Kate's. He gauged the number of the letters he wrote to her by the number she sent him, but he never failed to convey the impression that she was the girl of his heart, though his letters were those of a friend, rather than a lover.

Matters were brought to a climax when the inevitable titled foreigner arrived, seeking through the medium of a rich American wife the money with which to mend his shattered fortunes. His choice fell upon Kate. Spurred by the encouragement of her mother, his wooing was swift and ardent. Kate was nearly swept off her feet. Unconsciously she was under the influence of the manners and customs that held sway in her surroundings. She neither consented nor refused the foreign prince's offer of marriage, but temporized with him and with herself, by asking for time to consider the matter.

Her mother painted brilliant pictures of the high society which this marriage would enable Kate to enter. Her knowledge of this society was obtained solely from fiction, but her eagerness to have what seemed like a fairy tale come true primed her with an eloquence and earnestness that were almost convincing.

"Mother may be right," Kate thought, though her mind turned wistfully to Jim and to Cliffordsburg, which together spelled home.

Indecision was a thing so apart from Kate's nature that to be in doubt was a trouble.

"I must settle it, one way or the other," she said to herself one morning, when, after a few hours of restless slumber, she awakened earlier than usual.

It was a morning of bright sunshine and soft air. Even in the city one sensed the approach of spring, and Cliffordsburg, where more tangible sights and sounds of spring would be reviving, filled Kate's vision.

"I'm going home to ask father what he thinks about it," she suddenly decided. "He's had very little to say about things, and I am going to make him express an opinion."

Without sending for her maid, Kate dressed herself and packed her satchel. She felt in great haste; as if she would lose something important if she did not get home immediately. She stopped to write a note to her mother, who, in the next room, was sleeping soundly. She began: "I'm going home to see—"

She hesitated a moment, and impulsively tore the paper into small pieces. She began again. This time she wrote:

"Dear Mother—I'm going home to marry Jim. Please forgive me and come very soon to arrange the wedding. Please, mother, help your daughter to be happy. KATE."

She placed the note where her mother could not fail to see it when she opened her eyes, and then went quietly out of the house. She found a cab to take her to the station, where, upon inquiry, she learned that a train which would carry her to Cliffordsburg was within a few moments of departure. Her eyes were alight with the joy of life and delightful expectations. She was no longer in doubt. Her future was settled to her satisfaction. She was going to marry Jim. If he insisted upon being absurd about money she should wait until he had an income he considered sufficient for them to begin with, and she should wait in Cliffordsburg, where she could see him every day. They had wasted time by being separated.

She sped along, fleet of foot, seeming the incarnation of youth and joyousness. Her father, just arriving in the city, passed her in the crowd, unseen by Kate. He stopped and turned to look after her, without giving a sign of his presence. The radiant expression of her face told him she was happy, and this was his dearest wish for his only daughter. He saw her go lightly up the steps of the train that included his home town in its line of travel. For an instant he had the impulse to follow, but second thought reminded him of important business, and held him where he was. Kate was homeward bound. Her appearance belied any possible trouble, and so he let her go unquestioned. He watched the train until it pulled out of the station. Then he turned away, drawing a sigh of contentment.

If he had spoken his thoughts they would have been this:

"From the looks of my girl there's going to be something doing. I guess I'll wire Jim to meet her."

The Color Test for Matrimony

Some newspaper correspondence which has been going on lately on the subject of "Who are the best wives?" affords an interesting insight into the problems which must confront the matrimonially-disposed bachelor who sets out in cold blood to provide himself with a "suitable" partner for life.

To the average man, whose choice of a wife is, as a rule, determined by love or money, such details as the color of a woman's eyes or hair, while they may have been unconsciously the cause of attracting him in the first instance, will appear more or less immaterial in the subsequent determining of his domestic happiness.

Yet, if one is to believe the numerous correspondents who have given the benefit of their experience, on such details as these may the matrimonial happiness of innumerable men be said to depend. According to one, the most affectionate and dutiful wives are to be found among the ranks of fair-haired women; according to another, these, though delightful companions, are "incorrigible flirts and heart-breakers," while to a third they appear "sentimental, but cold." The dark woman, on the other hand, seems the subject of so much prejudice that after seeing her described as "too fiery for ease and comfort in home life," one no longer wonders at the popularity of peroxide in these days of matrimonial competition.

In the face of so much conflicting opinion the bewildered male should, however, feel grateful to the correspondent who advises those about to marry to select (if possible) a wife in whose person both types are happily blended, for in this judicious mixture of dark eyes and fair hair, or dark hair and pale eyes, alone is to be found the ideal wife with "enough fire and devotion to warm the heart, and enough sentiment to charm the fancy." Since the exponent of this theory signs himself "Experience," it is evident that he knows what he is talking about, and there is certainly this to be said in his favor, that the rarity of this ideal type, which, indeed, he calls an "anomaly," may have some subtle connection with the rarity of the ideal wife. In any case the "color" test should commend itself, if only for its extreme simplicity, to the bachelor thirsting for the joys and domesticity, while he could not do better in this respect than commit to memory the little French poem on the subject, which tells us how

Yeux bleus sont aux cieux,
Yeux gris au paradis,
Yeux noirs au purgatoire,
Yeux verts aux enfers.

Provided he is convinced of the accuracy of the above description he need have no doubts. For on the color of the eyes he can never be deceived. Whatever the resources of art may be—and all around us we see living embodiments of its practical inexhaustibility—the color of the eyes remains within certain limitations the same from our cradle to our grave. They may, of course, fade or intensify, but by no known process can brown eyes become gray or blue eyes be transformed into flashing black. At the same time, if in the color of our eyes our inmost characteristics are revealed, it must be admitted that it is, if anything, the exception for people to have eyes of any pronounced color at all, those of the great majority being, as a rule, a compromise between gray and green, gray and blue, or brown and black. Under these circumstances the position of the aspiring suitor becomes distinctly complicated. However much he may be in agreement with the theory expressed in the French poem quoted above as to the ultimate destination of the respective possessors of gray and green eyes, the combination of the two will undoubtedly perplex him, especially when, as so often happens in such cases, the hair comes under an equally indefinite classification.

On the whole it is, therefore, perhaps fortunate for the vast majority of women, who are neither dark nor fair, neither beautiful nor plain, neither good nor bad, but just a compromise between them all, that in spite of the excellent advice which has been handed down to man throughout the ages he remains not only incurably deaf, but continues to rush blindly into matrimony without pausing to weigh the various points which, according to experts, have such a determining effect on his matrimonial future.

"MANY ARE CALLED——"

The ship upon clearing the harbor ran into a half-pitching, half-rolling sea, that became particularly noticeable about the time the 25 passengers at the captain's table sat down to dinner.

"I hope that all 25 of you will have a pleasant trip," the captain told them as the soup appeared, "and that this little assemblage of 24 will reach port much benefited by the voyage. I look upon these 22 smiling faces much as a father does upon his family, for I am responsible for the safety of this group of 17. I hope that all 13 of you will join me later in drinking to a merry trip. I believe that we seven fellow-passengers are most congenial, and I applaud the judgment which chose from the passenger list these three persons for my table. You and I, my dear sir, are—— Here, steward! Bring on the fish and clear away these dishes."—Everybody's Magazine.

AS IT SOON WILL BE.

Farmer—"I'm a-goin' to drive to town some day next week, Marthy."

His Wife—"You can't, Hiram. I was just lookin' over the skedool of auto races, an' there ain't an open date for hoss-drivin' on the roads for the next ten days.—Puck.

OF THE FATHER'S WISDOM

"I hear you're teaching your son to play draw poker. Do you think that wise?"

"Certainly. He's bound to learn from some one. If he learns from me it keeps the money in the family."—Life.

NOTABLE FIGURES IN NEW YORK'S HISTORY

During one hundred and eleven years when New York was an English province it was ruled by twenty English governors. Of these, the eleventh, William Burnet, was one of the most capable and disinterested.

He was the son of Gilbert Burnet, a distinguished English bishop, and was born at The Hague in 1688. The prince of Orange, for whom he was named, was his sponsor in baptism. Burnet's own father and the distinguished English philosopher, Sir Isaac Newton, were the boy's instructors. In his formative period, and later, he had the good fortune to associate with great philosophers, statesmen and courtiers.

He came to New York as governor on September 16, 1720. At that time he was a widower with a little boy. Later he married a daughter of Abraham Van Horne, of a representative Dutch family.

Soon after the accession of George II. Burnet was removed to the governorship of Massachusetts.

One historian writes of him:

"We never had a governor to whom the colony is as much indebted as to him. * * * The excessive love of

WILLIAM BURNET.

money, a disease common to all his predecessors, and to some who succeeded him, was a vice from which he was entirely free. He sold no offices, nor attempted to raise a fortune by indirect means, for he lived generously and carried scarce anything away with him but his books. These and the conversation of men of letters were to him inexhaustible sources of delight."

EPITAPH.

Sleep! While the weary years are flying—
While men are born, while men are dying,
Sleep! on thy curtained couch of sod!
Thine be the rest which Hope hath given—
Thine be thy Life's brave dreams of Heaven—
Thine be the perfect peace of God.
—Frank L. Stantom in Atlanta Constitution.

IS POPULAR AS A FAD.

Any Girl Can Conduct This Part of Evening's Entertainment.

The silhouette corner is getting to be quite as popular as the fortune teller's booth at small bazaars and even home parties this spring. It is an easy way to entertain when the dancing season is over and it is a bit too warm for strenuous etnertainment of any sort. Best of all, any girl can conduct this part of an entertainment.

It is not an ordeal to have one's silhouette taken; one is not told to "look pleasant" or "sit properly." Just a natural attitude, one that is neither a stoop nor a ramrod, is all that is needed.

The subjects are not sketched before a window, as most people think, but against a solid background. If the sitter is in the light, the background must be dark, but if the sitter is in shadow the background must be a sheet or some other dark substance. The contrast of the background enables the artist to work rapidly, and that is a great point when the occasion is social.

Children, especially, think it great fun to have their silhouettes taken at a party. But older people like it, too. At one recent bridge party the hostess had pretty little frames ready for the portraits, and when the evening ended the souvenirs were ready for the guests.

To take a silhouette does not require more than 10 minutes at most, so the process is not irksome for the sitter. The finishing can be done afterward, but that is not a long task, either, so it is easy at a party to have the pictures ready for the guests to take away.

This silhouette fad began away up in a New England country town. There was a little art club in the hills there, and this club took up its quarters in a quaint old schoolhouse that was more than 100 years old. The building needed a bit of decorating; the rent was small, but it had to be paid. So, to raise money, the club gave a fair. Every member contributed something of her handiwork.

MAN AND HIS WAYS.

I have just discovered a school—for cowboys in the suburbs of London! It is intended to give the youth of England a fair idea of what it has to expect when it goes out to the west or to the colonies. Riding, saddling, lariat throwing and all the other necessary adjuncts of life on the plains or in the bush are here imparted to an eager British youth by bronze-faced men who have themselves gone through a hard school of various frontiers. The bronco buster's school has received a great fillip by reason of the enthusiasm aroused by Mr. Milton Royle's play, A Squaw Man, which masquerades here under the indifferent name of A White Man. Mr. Lewis Waller, who plays the hero of the plains with great force and dramatic skill, has all at once revived all the old traditions of the matinee hero, and is followed about in public by admiring damsels and hero-worshiping youths. The stage door of the theatre where the American actors display their skill with the revolver looks every night as if it were about to be smashed down by a besieging throng; but they are only young men and boys anxious to have a look at the demigods from the alkali plains of the far west. It is the dream of every English boy's life to be a lariat thrower among the cattle punchers and to be able to add scalps to his belt, like those he reads of so diligently and enthusiastically in the immortal works of Fenimore Cooper, who is still as popular among the English youth as he was half a century ago.

The savage lies dormant in the breast of the schoolboy who looks forward with dread to a career as a respectable clerk in the Bank of England with a home in the suburbs and a pension at sixty. That is a life which the majority of them actually have to lead, but if they can avoid it they will, and small blame to them for the wish. Hence it is that the school for cowboys at Shepperton-on-Thames has suddenly become one of the most popular resorts in the vicinity of London. Of course, the majority of English boys have not the slightest idea of the distance and localities of America or Canada. To them Montreal and New York alike are merely the front doors of the vast plains where painted Indians stalk majestically in gorgeous Indian clothing smokink long pipes of peace and trailing behind them long and formidable war clubs and tomahawks. It is difficult to persuade them that the Indian is as hard to find nowadays in America as the wolf in England, and they will simply not believe you. When Buffalo Bill was here last with his Indians and his cowboys the desertions from happy homes were simply appalling, but the truants were generally found to be loitering in the neighborhood of Earl's Court, waiting for an opportunity of being adopted by one or other of the Indian chiefs or to be enrolled among the cowboys.

Only the other day I had occasion to assist an unhappy father in tracing his two boys to Liverpool, where they were on the point of boarding a steamer for Canada and the "bloody track of the ferocious redskin." They had filled their young minds with Indian and cowboy lore and had scraped enough money together out of the Postoffice Savings Bank, where every English youth of well-to-do parents has a "nest egg," to buy an outfit of bowie knives and revolvers and heavy boots, not omitting a broad-brimmed felt hat for each. Then they had purchased tickets for the "illimitable west" and were off to become heroes. They were terribly disappointed when they were hauled back, and even now, in the quiet, sedate surroundings of their ancient school in the country they cannot understand why their father could have been such a brute as to bring them back to civilization.—Town and Country.

FADS OF WOMEN.

Small table covers of printed wash fabrics, make charming cushion covers, and with so little trouble, too. The cushion to be covered is laid in the center of the cover and the four corners are folded envelope fashion. A few stitches secure the cover in place, so that it can be very easily removed and replaced when needing laundering.

These covers come in all the prettiest of colorings and designs, which include floral conventional and nursery pictures and rhymes. Cushions of good size will fill a cover that costs fifty-nine cents at Macy's.

Attractive and practical laundry bags are made up from the common brown crash combined with cretonne, the latter preferably in tapestry designs. The upper parts—two thirds—will be of the crash and the bottom of cretonne.

The tops have the hoop finish, and the soiled articles can be released from the bottom, so that such a bag is extremely handy.

Waste paper baskets to match may be bought which are made to fold. For vacation use I am sure these accessories would prove very useful.

The millinery counters are full of the yellow and purple pansies grouped near masses of lilacs that look so natural one expects to detect an odor. Buttercups, cowslips, English daisies and cool looking grasses are also shown.

Flowers prevail in millinery this season, probably the result of the craze for a riot in coloring, as this can be carried out much better with blossoms than with feathers, or even ribbons, beautiful though the latter often are.

Those little jumpers that are simply bibs with wide Japanese short sleeves are the most wonderful improvement to a passee waist, or equally useful as an aid when the material runs short.

At least this thought struck me when I saw recently a pretty house frock made on these lines. It was worn by a dark haired woman with a pretty pink and white skin.

The skirt, long and clinging, was of cashmere, in an odd shade of deep blue, verging on peacock, and the blouse, made from spotted net in a deep cream shade, ruffles.

COURTESY ON RAILROADS

Leslie's Weekly.

The Lackawanna railroad is urging its employes to be courteous in all their dealings with the public. Courtesy, the company believes, is not only pleasant, but it pays. It is good business to be decent. It is better business to be pleasantly polite, and the less the public is browbeaten or cursed, or even treated in surly fashion, the more it is inclined for some strange reason to patronize your wares. The hasty conclusion of former days was that where there was no competition the public would have to ride anyway, so why take the trouble to be decent? But the astonishing fact is that some people value their dignity so highly and are so sensitive to vulgarity that they incline to walk the distance or even stay at home. The Lackawanna railroad is on the right track. Perhaps if sufficient publicity is given to its theory, it will obtain such wide currency that it will even be forced into the heads of the management of our city street railways without the necessity of a trepanning operation.

AN EASY ONE.

"Pa," asked Willie, "what is a pathologist?"

"A pathologist—er—a pathologist is a man who lays out paths in parks and gardens. Now run along and don't bother, benevolent and handsome. His wife, now the governor's lady, the foremost in the colony, was a worthy helpmeet to her more famous husband. Like him, she was of pure Dutch extraction, an excellent housewife, prudent and wise.

For thirteen months Mr. Van Dam shone in her husband's reflected glory. His unassuming and sagacious administration of affairs brought about an excellent condition in the colony, and abated the fierce political strife that had once reigned there. It is unfortunate that his successor, Governor Cosby, did not carry on the good work.

Mrs. Van Dam was the mother of fifteen children, not all of whom lived to grow up; but they were all carried to the Dutch church with much gravity and duly baptized by the dominie.

She probably attended service in the new Dutch, afterward called the Middle, church, an engraving of which, published during her husband's term of office, was dedicated to him. The bell that called Mrs. Van Dam and other worthy Dutch wives and their families to worship now hangs in the steeple of the Dutch church at Forty-eighth street and Fifth avenue. The service she heard and the sermons she listened to were both in the Dutch tongue. Her husband spoke English none too well.

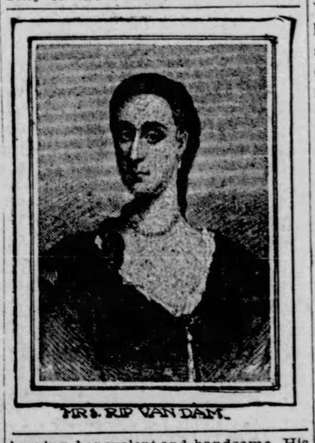
New York was growing beyond Wall street in Mrs. Van Dam's day, and a new street, named Cortlandt, after worthy Dutch folk, was soon to be opened. Broadway was a famous drive in those days and was so long that it extended as far as Central Park. There was a regular ferry to Brooklyn.

The gayety of the times is indicated in the fact that soon after a room in a building on the estate of Mrs. Van Dam's husband was leased for a playhouse, where the first recorded theatrical performances in New York were given.

FAMILIAR FIGURES IN N. Y.'S HISTORY

Mrs. Rip Van Dam was an important lady in the second century of New York's existence, when it was an English province and was still only a small town at the lower end of the island, with a mixed Dutch and English populace and a few representatives of French and other nationalities. The fear of the invasion of the French by way of Canada and the dread of that scourge the smallpox were two evils that hung over the city, and when this deadly disease suddenly carried off the English Governor Montgomerie, on the first of July in 1731, it was found that he had left directions for the governorship, pending the arrival of a new governor from England, to fall upon him who had served longest in the council.

Rip Van Dam proved to be the man. He was a wealthy Dutchman, president of the council, of aristocratic



MRS. RIP VAN DAM.

GROWING A MUSTACHE

A Time When Your Friends Get Funny at Your Expense.

Whether or not raising or attempting to raise a mustache is a crime, a felony or a misdemeanor is very hard to establish, but it is certain that it is an offense. It must be because if it were not there would not be so much comment from your friends and well wishers. Like having a toothache, starting a mustache is invariably productive of much advice, says the New York Sun.

"Throw it off!" is a safe bet that some one will tell you that the very first time it becomes apparent what you are intending. That should be said rather sneeringly. The only answer is something as follows: "You guys that can't raise hair on your upper lips are all jealous."

"Did you forget to wash your face this morning?" is one that is extremely appropriate to the earliest stages. It is

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1908.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

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Taft doesn't look very much like a man who would be Bryan's first victim.

The indications are that 1908 is going to be a good year for the right sort of Bill.

Mr. Charles P. Taft is showing the world how closely a half-brother can stick.

Usually the easiest people in town to get acquainted with are the bill collectors.

Well, that Chicago convention audience got a good many cheers out of its system.

It requires a man of pretty good judgment to know just what to keep out of a political platform.

A Taft fat men's campaign club will be in order, but it should be kept off the front lawn.

The vice presidency not only seeks the man, but sometimes has to choke him into submission.

A Nevada girl named Dollar is to marry a Mr. Senntz, which is one way of settling the money question.

John D. Rockefeller is to become a great scholar. Yale is going to confer the degree of LL. D. on him.

Mr. Bryan's criticisms of the Republican platform may make another reading of the promulgation worth while.

After nine years in prison Caleb Powers doesn't think a term or two in congress would do him any harm.

That is pretty good news—that Prince Helle and Madam Anne are really to be married and no mistake.

By all means, let us have a safe and sane Fourth. We want no cases of lockjaw during a presidential campaign.

Being born in Ohio continues to be one of the most popular things a boy who hopes to become President can do.

For an experienced traveler like Taft, going from Cincinnati to the White House should be an easy, pleasant journey.

We have seen no mention of the probability that Vice President Fairbanks will hunt lions after his term of office expires.

Say, Taft and Sherman could not have fallen into each other's arms more affectionately had they been long lost brothers.

From now on, until the end of hot weather, people who don't behave themselves may expect to get their scoldings from Oyster Bay.

In one way the result of the convention was quite a victory for Leslie M. Shaw. Dolliver was not nominated for vice president.

Mr. Sherman, candidate for vice president, was not born in Ohio, but that is about the only thing that can be said against him.

Astrologers can now make something of a hit and even up for past failures by predicting the nomination of Bryan at Denver.

The man who stays away from a national convention and looks after the chores is often just as patriotic as the fellow who attends.

Cuba to start a revolution in order to perpetuate American control? That girl will be suing Uncle Sam for alleged breach of promise next.

Senator Burrows' keynote speech contained eighteen thousand words, but there were several left in the dictionary after he got through.

After the convention had cheered Roosevelt's name for forty-five minutes the third-term cat must have turned over in the ash barrel.

Taft wears a smile, and so does Bryan, but Taft's is not as expansive as the Nebraska statesman's, and shows fewer indications of wear and tear.

A New Jersey man wants a divorce on the ground that he was crazy when he married. Let us all hope that no court will establish a precedent by granting such a plea.

Thomas A. Edison says four hours' sleep is enough for anybody. If that is true, then three hours before and one after being called would seem about the right proportion.

The Chicago Record-Herald is Johnny-on-the-spot with the suggestion that "some good Ohio man will, no doubt, step forward and get the Republican nomination in 1916."

"Has the Democratic party ever considered the advisability of retiring Mr. Bryan on a pension?" asks the Washton Post. It is more probable that Mr. Bryan will retire the Democratic party.

This woman's suffrage question should frighten nobody. There was one woman delegate in the Chicago convention, but instead of attempting to control the situation she quietly voted with the majority.

It is rather mean, we'll admit, to call attention to the fact that the astrologers read it in the stars that President Roosevelt would be renominated at Chicago. Mr. Hitchcock said Taft would have 793 votes on the first ballot; he had 702. Hitchcock has the astrologers beaten by several lengths, which is what we're driving at.

GREAT EXODUS CONTINUES.

The total emigration for the first five months of this year amounted to 318,368.

The total immigration for the same period was 166,513.

Almost double the number of people are going away from this country as are coming into it.

A year ago the emigration was little more than a third what it is this year.

There has been an unusual exodus of foreign-born people from Toledo this spring, and reports show that what is true of this city holds good in all centers of population.

Business depression is supposed to be the cause. Those who came to the United States in recent years have shared in the general prosperity of the country. Many accumulated a competency, or what amounts to that in their fatherland. When hard times came and work was not to be had their thoughts turned to the old home and the tide moved out.

No doubt the poorer of the immigrants remain, for it requires money to cross the Atlantic even if you do not go as a first cabin passenger. The amount of money taken out of the country by these home-goers aggregates a large sum, and many of them will be able to live in ease on their accumulations.

The change in the tide presents a unique situation, and shows how the world regulates itself automatically.

MR. BRYAN IS "REGULAR."

Party regularity seems to be of more importance to politicians who are looking for office than does principle. The fellow who has an eye on a public job sacrifices the principles of a lifetime in order to give his support to platform and candidates of his party. A recent example of this is the case of Judson Harmon, Democratic candidate for governor of Ohio, who says he approves all the issues which Tom Johnson forced into the Columbus platform. For years Harmon repudiated the Johnson ideas but now that he is a candidate and wants votes he swallows them and pretends to like the diet.

And there is Bryan. Some months before the nomination of Judge Parker, in 1904, Bryan made a speech in Chicago. It was then apparent Parker would be the Democratic nominee. Bryan's speech was carefully prepared and afterwards was used as a campaign document by the Republican committee. In that speech he said:

Now that Mr. Parker seems to be the leading candidate among the reorganizers, I desire to present some reasons why he cannot be considered as an available candidate for a Democratic nomination, and I find these reasons not in his personality, but in his position on public questions.

Whatever doubt may have existed on this subject heretofore has been dispelled by the platform adopted by the New York state convention, and taking this platform as a text I am sanguine enough to believe that I can prove to every unbiased mind that Judge Parker is not a fit man to be nominated either by the Democratic party or by any other party that stands for honesty and fair dealing in politics. I cannot hope to convince those who favor deception and fraud in politics, but I am satisfied that we now have evidence sufficient to convict Judge Parker of absolute unfitness for the nomination.

Of course Mr. Bryan meant what he said. If he believed Parker an unfit man for the nomination certainly he was unfit to be president. If a man is not qualified to be a candidate how can he be a proper man to hold office?

But Mr. Bryan is again an aspirant for the presidential nomination. He wants votes. He is anxious to secure the support of the men who nominated Parker four years ago. He now thinks it political wisdom for him to assert he was "regular" and aided Parker in his disastrous campaign. Mr. Bryan now says:

I announced my support of Judge Parker immediately after the St. Louis convention, and that support was open and unqualified from the convention until the polls closed. I had opposed his nomination, but he had no more loyal supporter during the campaign. Both on the stump and with my pen I rendered all the assistance I could.

Can a man's convictions be deep and lasting when he is willing to brush them aside for the sake of political preferment? Perhaps Mr. Bryan and Mr. Harmon can answer.

BREWERS AND SALOONS.

The formal resolutions adopted by the national convention of brewers at Milwaukee declare for a general housecleaning and the banishment of dives and vicious saloons. Of course it is understood this action was taken, not from principle, but from choice, and in the hope, vain though it may be, of stemming the tide of temperance.

The American people are glad the brewers have taken such a stand against the dives. It is not so important why they were impelled to adopt such resolutions as that they actually did so. There are degrees of viciousness in saloons, the best of them being bad, while the worst are inexcusable. If the brewers will join forces with the temperance people and close the worst saloons they will be duly commended, even though it is not done from motives of true reform.

But if the brewers are in earnest in reforming the saloon business they must not stop with closing dives. They must use their power and influence to compel all saloonkeepers to obey the laws enacted for their regulation. The Sunday closing laws must be observed and not ignored, as is now the case with the so-called "best" saloons in American cities. These saloons must obey the closing ordinances, must not sell to minors and intoxicated persons, and must be divorced from all forms of gambling and from the social evil.

Will the brewers aid in this reform?

If they do not, and they probably will not, for such a course means a complete revolution, then the American people will go on closing dramshops of all degrees of badness and will not stop until the un-American American saloon is no more. There is no wisdom in granting immunity to the worst class of lawbreakers, and the sooner the brewers realize this fact the better for their business.

SEEK FORAKER'S COUNSEL.

Instead of following the example of Senator Foraker, several prominent negroes representing various sections of the country are devising plans for continuing their fight against Mr. Taft. In one of the latest Chicago meetings it was resolved either to organize a third party or come out openly for the Democratic candidate.

But meanwhile Senator Foraker has spoken and his language admits of no double meaning. He is for Taft. He says:

Until the convention made a nomination every Republican had a right to have his own choice, but now it is no longer a question of men, but a question of parties.

In this way Secretary Taft becomes my candidate for the Presidency, and while under all circumstances I can probably do but little, yet I shall do all I can to help elect him.

Republicans will now quit contending among themselves, and turn all their guns on the common enemy.

That has the true Foraker ring and meets the anticipation of his friends. The senator fought to the last ditch, admits defeat and swears allegiance to the victor. Why? Because he is a Republican by faith and choice and being that, there is no alternative.

Under the circumstances it will be an easy matter for him to give the colored men wise counsel. They have asked for his advice and he will tell them that their hope for the future must rest with the Republican party. All they have attained they owe the party that struck the shackles from them and gave them citizenship. They have had nothing from the Democratic party and they can expect nothing.

Obviously the senator realizes that the revolt in the colored ranks is not serious, for he admits that he can be of little service. But fortunately it will be a double service. It is to the advantage of the Republican party that the few deluded colored men who are opposing Taft be brought back into the fold, and the best interests of the race require that its members stand together for progress and enlightenment.

Senator Foraker played the game with characteristic boldness. But it was a dangerous game and one that might have led to serious consequences. But he has retrieved in a manner that promises to repair the mischief and for this he deserves credit.

ELECTIONEERING METHODS.

The Republican or Democrat who succeeds in being elected to congress at once sets about to make his re-election sure. The methods he adopts in carrying out his political plans vary according to local conditions, but in some respects they are similar. The free distribution of garden seeds has for many years been a pet scheme. The sending broadcast copies of government reports and public documents is another.

But your congressman has now evolved another and more expensive way of currying public favor. He works and pulls wires to get appropriations for government buildings in the towns of his district. These towns may not need such structures, but that is not an argument. The congressman needs votes, and if Uncle Sam foots the bills what's the odds?

So the citizens of Podunk and Rattlesnake Corners swell with pride when they read in the papers that through the untiring efforts of Congressman Smithers an appropriation of $10,000 has been made to buy a site in each of the towns for a public building. Smithers stock goes up Republicans and Democrats agree he is a great man, and there are rumors, which create little surprise, that he lunches with the President every day and possibly spends a night each week at the White House. Defeat Smithers? Why, it would be a calamity to the district!

And so scores and scores of sites are purchased and buildings erected totaling a cost of millions and millions in order that Smithers and other congressmen may make their calling and election sure and draw their salaries and mileage.

Formerly public buildings were built in centers where the business of the public made them necessary. Today hundreds of them are being erected in towns which do not justify such expenditures and solely because the congressman, through log-rolling, thinks to ingratiate himself in the good graces of his constituents.

Partially as the result of this unwarranted extravagance the government is running millions behind its receipts and the people are paying the campaign bills of the men who are trying to hang on to their official jobs.

AN EASY PROBLEM.

There should be no great difficulty in promulgating a national Republican platform this year.

The stars in their courses have been fighting for the Republican party the past four years.

While bountiful harvests are not due to Republican rule they have made possible the developments intelligently guided by a Republican administration.

The growth of business, the prosperity of all classes of people, and the strides made in the commercial and industrial world is a platfrom in itself.

The very fact that the accmulations in savings banks jumped from $2,815,000,000 in 1903 to $3,495,000,000 in 1907 is enough to insure the continuation in power of the Republican party.

In the same time thousands of miles of new trackage were added to the railroads, the tonnage of the Great Lakes vessels has been wonderfully increased, two millions of spindles have been added to our cotton mills, the output of gold has jumped from $74,000,000 to $90,000,000, while the deposits in all banks aggregate $3,500,000,000 more than in 1903.

All of which shows that the affairs of the country have been well administered by the Republican party.

Writing a platform should be as easy as nominating Secretary Taft for the presidency.

TROUBLE IN PANAMA.

The United States is deeply interested in the outcome of the trouble now brewing in the Republic of Panama. There was a revolution in that country five years ago and as a result a republican form of government was inaugurated and Amador became president. His term of office will expire in a few months and a general election has been called for the 12th of July.

Following the custom of the people of Central American countries, those of Panama are now trying to hatch another revolution, and the chances are good for a public upheaval next month which may wreck the youngest republic in the world.

Under our treaty with Panama the United States has but partial control over the cities of Colon and Panama, the terminal towns of the big canal. A revolution at this time might prove disastrous to the progress of Uncle Sam's work, and for this reason a little army of United States marines is held ready to occupy Panama if trouble begins.

It is hoped Panama will be spared a civil war, but those people in that section of the western continent rather enjoy revolutions, and while they are usually of short duration and not noted for bloodshed, the anticipated trouble causes Uncle Sam considerable anxiety.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT.

Once again the great Republican party has nominated a son of Ohio for the exalted office of chief magistrate of the Republic, and William Howard Taft is worthy the honor.

The Republican party is rich in presidential timber. There is not a state but can name men eminently qualified to direct the affairs of state. There is not one of the favorite sons mentioned in connection with this year's nomination who would not make a creditable and capable president, and yet it must be conceded by these men and their friends that in all that goes to make up the ideal head of the nation Secretary Taft is the peer of any and all of them.

Mr. Taft's wide experience in public life, his broad grasp of national and world affairs, his judicial temperament and his executive force, his clean record in public and private life, his ability to "make good" in every position and under all circumstances—all combine to make him the candidate most desired by his party and foretell a splendid record as administrator of national affairs.

To add to Mr. Taft's availability is the fact that he is in hearty sympathy with the policies of President Roosevelt and will carry them forward to the entire satisfaction of the country.

While Mr. Taft is but 51 years old, in the full vigor of matured manhood, he has had an experience in public office covering a period of 27 years. This experience has been of a varied nature and has made him a well rounded man. His first office was that of assistant prosecutor of Hamilton county. Following this he was internal revenue collector for the first Ohio district; assistant solicitor of Hamilton county; judge of the superior court of Ohio; solicitor general of the United States; United States circuit judge; president of the United States Philippine Commission; first civil governor of the Philippine islands; secretary of war of the United States.

For four years Mr. Taft was dean and professor in the Cincinnati law school. In 1905 he was president of the National Red Cross society. President Roosevelt has sent him on many important missions in which diplomacy, tact and backbone were necessary. His trips to Panama have smoothed out difficulties along the line of the big canal. In the Philippines, where trouble was brewing, he brought peace out of disorder. It was Mr. Taft who was sent to Rome in 1902 to confer with Pope Leo XIII. concerning the purchase of agricultural lands of religious orders in the Philippines.

This is a wonderful career. It should equip any man for the presidency. No voter, even though he is not a Republican, can withhold support from Mr. Taft on the ground that he is not qualified for chief magistrate. Men may differ from him on questions of national policy but all must agree he is big enough to steer the ship of state through troubled as well as through calm waters.

Ohio is not insensible to the honor done her by the Republicans of the country. Her sons have frequently been tried in the presidential chair and every one of them has added lustre to the nation's history. It was true of William Henry Harrison, of Ulysses S. Grant, of Rutherford B. Hayes, of James A. Garfield, of Benjamin Harrison and of William McKinley. It will be equally true of William Howard Taft.

THE CONVENTION SPEECH.

When a statesman is selected to preside over the deliberations of a national convention of his party, he is expected to "sound the keynote." This pleasant duty fell to the lot of Senator Burrows at Chicago, and he performed it acceptably.

It is not a difficult performance for any Republican. His party has made it an easy task. The four years' record which Senator Burrows reviewed yesterday is one of which the party and country is proud. It is a record of great things accomplished, a record which has brought happinpess and prosperity to all classes of people. The administration of public affairs under the guidance of President Roosevelt has been applauded by the world. It is the Republican party which is responsible for Roosevelt, and through this agency he was placed upon the stage of action, authorized and equipped for carrying on his splendid work.

Yes, Senator Burrows had an easy job when he "sounded the keynote." It was a good speech, because a poor one could not have been made on the subject. Senator Burrows is not a great orator, but the record of the Republican party for the past four years is eloquent in itself.

THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

There can be little criticism by any red-blooded American of the platform adopted at Chicago yesterday. The most discussed plank is that referring to injunctions and as it does not wholly please either those who advocated it or those who opposed it and as it means little as adopted it might as well have been left out entirely.

The endorsement of President Roosevelt's administration is deserved and timely.

The straight out declaration for a revision of tariff at a special session of Congress to be called immediately after the inauguration of the next president in March, will meet with the approval alike of Republicans and Democrats, as will the promise that in the work of revision the principles of protection to American labor as well as capital will be preserved.

The party recognizes the needs of a permanent currency system and agrees to direct itself to the development of such a system. The platform also meets the demands of the people and favors the establishment of a postal savings bank system for the convenience of the people and the promotion of thrift.

The platform points to the party's record on trust legislation and promises such amendments to existing laws as will give to the federal government greater supervision and control over that class of corporations engaged in interstate commerce having power to effect monopolies.

The enactment of the railroad rate law and its enforcement is endorsed and such further legislation and supervision is recommended as will prevent overissue of stocks and bonds by interstate carriers.

The platform recognizes the special needs of wageworkers generally, points to what the party has done to remedy the evils of child labor and for the protection of working women and miners, and declares the party stands for the needs of every American, whatever his occupation.

The extension of free rural delivery is favored and the building of good roads is commended. Equal justice is demanded for the colored man. The movement for the preservation of the natural resources of the country is approved. Generous provisions for those who fought the country's battles and for the widows and orphans is declared to be a fixed policy of the party.

These are a few of the propositions on which the Republican party asks for support at the polls. The platform deserves the careful consideration of every voter regardless of party affiliations.

BUSINESS IS IMPROVING.

Business conditions are improving.

Who says so?

Everybody.

A short time ago, when men met each other, they talked about hard times, declared business was dull, shook their heads, looked gloomy, predicted affairs would get no better until after the presidential election. One would make a pessimistic declaration, and the others would affirm it. They would separate, firmly convinced conditions were bad and hourly growing worse.

There is a change.

The trend of talk now is that times are better, that conditions are improving and that in midsummer the country is regaining its oldtime financial and industrial vigor. There is an optimistic spirit, and business is really improving, because everybody thinks so, says so, and acts accordingly.

There is absolutely no reason for a continuation of hard times. The banks are full of money, the farmers are prosperous, and a bumper crop is assured for this year. The prices of many commodities are being lowered, the big factories are without stock, and the demand for supplies must mean the opening of mills and shops and the employment of idle men.

And the factories and mills are opening. Every day the newspapers report thousands of men going to work here and there. This is reassuring when the season of the year is considered. Freight cars are getting busy, and this means there is something for them to haul. It is no longer a prospect for trade improvement; it IS trade improvement.

Only a few weeks ago there was a steady decline in the number of freight cars in service; now there is a steady increase. The turn has come, and there is no reason why the onward movement should not continue.

The value of farm crops this year promises to break all records. The agricultural department places the value at $8,000,000,000. How can there be hard times with such a basis as that? This tremendous production will have a vivifying effect on the country. It will silence the croaker, set wheels and spindles in motion, and increase the demand for all kinds of manufactured articles.

The country will not wait until after election to get down to business. It cannot do so if it would. Business is pressing and must be cared for. The country is not going to the bow-wows if either Taft or Bryan is elected, but there is a settled feeling that the Republican party will continue business at the old stand, and the people will act accordingly.

JAMES S. SHERMAN.

The country at large does not know very much about James Schoolcraft Sherman of New York, nominated for vice president on the ticket with Secretary Taft. Mr. Sherman is not the conspicuous figure in public life as is any one of a number of men who have been fewer years in the country's service.

But Mr. Sherman is neither a new nor an untried man. In fact there are few men in the country better qualified to preside over the deliberations of the United States Senate. His long experience in legislative work, his temperament and his judgment peculiarly fits him for the place.

Like Secretary Taft, Mr. Sherman is in the prime of life, being 53 years of age. A native of Utica, New York, that city has always been his home and it was his friends and neighbors who started him in public life and kept him there. A lawyer by profession, he served as mayor of his town and was elected a member of the Fiftieth congress and has been a member of that body ever since with the exception of two years. When he takes the oath of office as vice president next March he will have completed twenty years as a member of Congress.

Mr. Sherman has been as successful in business as in politics and is one of the substantial citizens of his city.

He has been active in party work and is recognized as one of the best political organizers in the country. He was chairman of the Republican Congressional committee two years ago, has presided over the state conventions of his party and was a delegate to the Republican national convention in 1892.

There was a field of first class men from which to select a candidate and the fact that Mr. Sherman was chosen shows his high standing in the party.

Taft and Sherman, with Roosevelt for a platform means victory in November.

THAT INJUNCTION PLANK.

Our long career of victory, so rarely broken, has been due to our meeting boldly each question as it arose, in our facing every danger as it crossed our path with entire courage, fearless of consequences and determined to be true only to the principles which brought the party into existence and to the spirit which has inspired it from its birth.—Chairman Lodge.

And even while Senator Lodge spoke these words, he was presiding over a convention that had deflected from the true course at the behest of an agitator. No one believes for a moment that the leaders would have suggested an anti-injunction plank or supported one of the mildest form except for the threats of Gompers. The President's whole heart was set on the nomination and election of Mr. Taft. Therefore he yielded to Gompers' demands lest the latter should array labor against the Republican ticket.

That the masses of the people, without regard to party, had no sympathy with Gompers' game was evident from the cold reception awarded his proposition. It involved a criticism of the judiciary. It demanded special privileges for a class to the exclusion of other classes. It covered a variety of subjects the very purpose of which was to skillfully unite interests, that his anti-injunction pet might be reinforced.

The strongest proof of its demerit is seen in the fact that although the President could control the convention in most other matters, in this particular he was compelled to yield. But it is a pity the so-called conservatives did not have the nerve to insist on the elimination of the plank altogether. For the compromise, as Thomas J. McCarter, of New Jersey, said, "is a weak attempt to deceive the people. It is an insidious attack on the judiciary without providing a remedy. It is so palpably a political trick that it hurts an otherwise strong platform."

One can understand how the President might commit an error of this kind. Gompers is a clever man in his way and has impressed the President with the fact that the courts might work a great injustice on labor if they should abuse the power of injunction. But he lacked any considerable number of specific instances to show that frequent wrong resulted and so he strengthenend his argument by submitting the political phase. As the head of the American Federation of Labor he could be troublesome if the Republican party refused to listen to him. And the President listened.

But go out among the laboring men and you will not hear an insistent cry for a modification of the injunction. Our courts have not been so reckless of justice as all that. And when it comes to Gompers and his political pull, an intelligent workingman said yesterday: "Why, in '96 Gompers was for Bryan; today he is a Socialist, and if he has ever been a Republican I don't know it. We want him to get all he can for us, but we are afraid of this political game. There is danger that he will become involved to a point where he cannot be of service to the true cause of labor."

Nevertheless in certain circles it will give Gompers prestige that he was able to force attention from the greatest political party in the world, even if he failed to get all that he demanded. The effect on the party is another matter.

ONCE MORE CONVERTED.

Henry Watterson will never again antagonize a presidential nominee of the Democratic party. He has had enough. Hereafter he will be "regular." He will swallow every bitter dose and look pleasant. Even Bryan, whom he hates and whom he has berated, and whose nomination he has bolted—even Bryan is acceptable to Watterson, and Henry is on the band-wagon, happy as a schoolboy the first week of vacation. Here is the way he explains it:

Nothing is surer than the nomination of Mr. Bryan at Denver. Whatever happens, that is a fixed fact. No really thoughtful or observant man would or could doubt it.

To the eye of the Courier-Journal it was as certain three months ago as it is today, and the paper's course was fixed with that end in view. The Courier-Journal is a Democrat, not a Republican, and it seeks a change of parties. We long ago resolved to enter never another presidential campaign, head-bandaged, arm-in-a-sling, cross-eyed and sore-eyed. So, taking time by the forelock, we began to adjust ourselves to the inevitable and to seek to unite the party on Mr. Bryan, since it was not possible to unite it on any other.

No more bolting for Henry. He is through with it. He has profited by bitter experience. Democracy may nominate Bryan, Cleveland, or even Dave Hill, and Watterson will whoop it up for the candidate.

Henry is a stand-patter, and he wants everybody to know it. He may not think any more of Bryan than he did twelve years ago, but he is willing to try to make others believe he does.

AGENT OF PROSPERITY.

The government crop report indicates a wheat yield of 688,000,000 bushels, a figure which has been surpassed only three times in our history. Mother Nature is the advance agent of prosperity this year. She is restoring confidence. Crops are promising rich returns and big crops mean big business. They will open the mills and factories, start the looms, set idle men at work, fill the dinner pail and drive away business depression. Now let the politicians hurry through with their work at Chicago and Denver and all will soon be well.

THIS LOOKS BETTER.

Thirty thousand idle freight cars going to work in the past two weeks means something. It means business is picking up and men are at work producing articles to fill these cars. Idle freight cars mean idle men. Working cars means working men.

No wonder Mr. Hale, general superintendent of transportation of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, insists prosperity is returning and gives as proof the fact that 30,000 idle freight cars have gone to work.

CONVENTION AUDIENCES

New York Herald.

If the highest judicial tribunal in the land were about to hear arguments upon a most important case and to render decision on the spot, what would be thought if the court room were packed with thousands of spectators, each of whom paid a fee for admission and felt free to vociferously express his opinion of everything said by the lawyers on either side and to clamor for a decision in favor of one litigant or the other? The duty to be performed by the national conventions of the two great parties is of greater importance to the general welfare than any decision of the supreme court of the United States that can be conceived. The moral, political, industrial and commercial welfare of the 85,000,000 of American people may be vitally affected by the action of the assembled representatives of either party.

TRUTHFUL JAMES

"James," said Mr. Smith, as he gazed into his son's eyes with a semi-searching look, "have you eaten any of those peaches I put in the cupboard?"

"Father," replied James, "I cannot tell a lie. I have not touched one."

Mr. Smith eyed him wrathfully, and plunging his hand into the bottom of his coat, drew forth five incriminating stones, each of which had once been enshrined in the luscious flesh of a peach, but which were now standing in all their horrid nakedness.

"Then how is it," said the parent, "that I found these peach stones in your bed room, and there is only one peach left in the cupboard?"

"Father," answered James, as he silently but swiftly made toward the door, placing a heavy chair in such a position that Mr. Smith would fall over it—"father, I still cannot tell a lie; that is the one I never touched!"—Answers.

ANECDOTES OF THE NOMINEE

Secretary Taft's weight, politely estimated at a share better than 300, is a point of deepest concern to the secretary of war. He is a fat man and knows it. He worries about his weight. He diets and dieting grows fatter. After about 20 minutes of exercise each morning, following the rules laid down by his physical culture specialists, he eats a breakfast and, and if the scales have shown him ten pounds lighter the night before after a hard horseback ride, the indicator shows him fully 15 pounds heavier after that breakfast.

It is with this on his mind, generally, that the secretary approaches the White House. His first word of greeting is for Bill Price, a newspaper reporter, whose weight has been variously over—and under—estimated at from 300 to 400 pounds. The two men are about the same size, the reporter showing the rotundity, however. The war lord invariably asks Price how much he weighs and the reporter tell his weight about as accurately as a woman tells her age. Politeness forbids that he ask the secretary his weight, and Secretary Taft doesn't volunteer it, but as he passes on into the White House he remarks:

"Price, these fellows will never know how much we have to stand."

It was this weight of the secretary's that developed the Root joke. Root, while he was secretary of war, had his subordinate, Governor Taft, in the Philippines. Taft had been ill and was recuperating in the hills of Luzon. One day Secretary Root received the following cable from Manila:

"Am greatly improved in health. Rode 20 miles on horseback today and feel fine."

This was signed "Taft." Up until that time Secretary Root had never been known to utter a joke, and history does not show that he has ever repeated the offense, but the following reply, which he sent Governor Taft, still creates a laugh in the Roosevelt cabinet:

"Taft, Manila—

"How's the horse?"

When Gov. Taft was on his way to the capital of Tayabas province it was observed that he was in close conference with a prominent young Filipino lawyer, who went along as representative of the Federal party newspaper. The lawyer left in the governor's hand a piece of paper on which he had made some drawings. The following night the inevitable banquet and ball that formed part of the entertainment at every provincial capital took place. The ball began with the regodon, the Spanish quadrille, much more difficult than our quadrille. Taft stepped on with the wife of the president and escorted her to a place in the first set. The young Americans in the party were expecting their chief to make a mistake in the complicated figures, but he made only one slip—a record better than most of the Filipino dancers. It developed, however, that the governor had gotten the Filipino lawyer to draw a diagram of the quadrille figures and he carried the paper in his hand when he made his first attempt.

Mr. Taft's habit of using plain language to subordinates occasionally got him into hot water when he was governor of the Philippines. One day he had occasion to take to task the officials of a province in which there had been considerable trouble. Shaking his finger at them he said angrily:

"If you cannot keep better order than you have been keeping your heads will go off!"

The horrified Filipinos shrank back in alarm and felt nervously of their throats. Mr. Taft could not restrain himself at their horror-stricken countenances and burst into a hearty laugh. Then he proceeded to explain that the term he had employed was only an Americanism, and that their official and not their physical heads were in danger.

The Republican nominee is very, very human, and not entirely averse to the wiles of flattery. A mother once called upon him to urge the granting of a commission for her son, asking him to waive a slight physical obstacle to the appointment.

"His mental qualifications are so high that I am inclined to do as you ask," replied Mr. Taft.

The mother, of course, was delighted. In her ecstacy she exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Secretary, you're not half as fat as they say you are."

The secretary smiled broadly.

"After that," he said, "your boy shall certainly have the commission."

Taft's father, who was a judge of the superior court in Cincinnati, used to have a stock phrase about his boy, William Howard. It was "Mediocrity won't do for Willie."

He would reiterate this whenever opportunity presented. As there were three other sons, it would seem that some little jealousy might have been caused by the father's expression of preference, but as a matter of fact this was not the case. All the other boys were inclined to agree with this view of "Willie," and one of them has spent thousands upon thousands of dollars to bring about his nomination.

The secretary is given credit in some quarters for having caused the alliance between Miss Alice Roosevelt and Representative Nicholas Longworth. He included the congressman and the President's daughter in the party that made the trip to the Philippines about four years ago, and it was then that the mutual admiration of the pair began. Once some one twitted Mr. Taft on having brought about this important matrimonial engagement, and he replied:

"Oh, yes, I am a great match maker—the best that ever did business outside of a sulphur factory."

A great worker is Mr. Taft and a quick one. He can clean up a desk full of official papers with more celerity than any other cabinet officer. When there is business on hand he is loath to leave his office, even though the hour be late. At 1 o'clock each day he touches the bell for his colored messenger and says:

"William, bring me my lunch."

William disappears and in a moment returns with a big red apple and a plate. It is the biggest and the reddest apple that he has been able to discover at the best fruit store in Washington. This constitutes the secretary's lunch.

Mr. Taft is not superstitious, so far as anyone knows, but he hesitated to walk under a ladder on leaving the war department for the White House a few days ago. A little group of spectators watched him as he approached the ladder, much interested to know whether he would risk losing the nomination by going under it. The secretary half paused, looked as though he was going to shy and then caught a glimpse of the expectant spectators. With a half laugh he bolted straight under the rungs.

"I suhtunly thought Mr. Taft was a-gwine tuh be surreptishus," chuckled William, the black messenger, "but he jes' up an' fools dat bunch. Mistah Taft allus fools 'em," he added with a grin.—Detroit Free Press.

PROOF.

"There's lots of faith in this world," says a philosopher. "Think how we leave our umbrellas at home and trust to the weather!"—Atlanta Constitution.

VARIETIES

American window glass is sent all over the world.

The telephone service of Switzerland is operated by the government.

Sign in Etone street, New York: "Panama Hats, Bay Rum and Shovels."

The average price of the American potato last year was 61.7 cents a bushel.

Troy (N. Y.) women, conducting a "tag day" for charity, had to deduct $6.40 from the receipts because of counterfeit coin.

There are 200 newspapers in China, while ten years ago there was only one recognized as such.

Germany publishes every year nearly twice as many new books as France. The number of new German books in 1907 was 30,073.

An old-fashioned plow on the sidewalk in front of a store in Dey street, New York, attracted a crowd. One man asked how it was used.

According to Viceroy Tuan Fang there are 1,930 opium shops in the Shanghai foreign settlements and he wishes orders from Pekin to close them.

Up to 1906 Pennsylvania produced more natural gas than she could make use of, but now it is necessary to draw upon the supply of West Virginia.

Saskatchewan, Canada, will some day be the greatest wheat-growing country in the world, owing to the peculiarly advantageous condition of its soil.

Boats engaged in mackerel fishing off Milford, England, have landed as many as 30,000 fish, and a hundred have been sold for a shilling.

The Amazon stone, found in small quantities near Colorado Springs, Colo., is greatly in demand. A firm in Germany ordered all that could be procured. The stone is green in color and hard as flint.

The use of the gas engine on the farm is growing more popular every year. In the last two years 50,000 of these motors were purchased by farmers and the demand this year has every indication of being greater.

Anarchy is a mark of disease in the view of a Memphis physician. He finds anarchistic ideas conclusive evidence of insanity, and would commit all anarchists as dangerous lunatics, thus making them harmless.

The mapping of the United States by the geological survey has been in progress since 1879 and so far somewhat more than a third of the country has been surveyed, or about 1,050,000 square miles, exclusive of parts of Alaska.

Senora de Costa, who caused the great peace monument, the "Christ of the Andes," to be erected on the boundary between Argentina and Chile, has finally completed the organization of the South American Universal Peace association.

According to the figures for the last year available, Americans used the telephone 3,680,000,000 times, as against 3,114,541,691 times abroad. In Europe, with its five times greater population, there were 1,726,880 subscribers, as compared to 2,241,367 in the United States.

"When you teach children to avoid kissing, swapping gum and eating half baked foods and to be clean you will be doing something to prevent tuberculosis," declared Dr. S. A. Knopf of New York, at the recent convention of the American Medical association in Chicago.

An old lady near Bromberg, whose ten sons have all served in the German army, had the idea of having them photographed in a row, and sent the picture to the kaiser. She has received a letter of hearty thanks and cordial wishes from the imperial cabinet by his majesty's order.

Paris is suffering from a plague of curious flies, known as St. Marc's Bibions. They are not poisonous, but are very ugly, being over half an inch long, with enormous heads, and feeble like cockchafers. Nobody knows where they come from, and, curiously enough, the plague is confined to Paris, and has not reached the country.

Miss Olivia Salamanca of Cavite, Philippine islands, has just won the Agnes B. Robinson-Mesner prize for anatomy at the Philadelphia Woman's Medical College. The prize is awarded on competitive examination to students in the second year. Another member of the class is Miss Ethel Das, who comes from Ferozepore, a little town in the foothills of the Himalayas, near Lahore. Both will return to their native countries to practice medicine.

"The Swamp Angel" was the name given by the federal soldiers to an eight-inch Parrott gun which was mounted on a battery built on pilings driven into a swamp outside of Charleston, S. C., and used during the siege of that city. It burst August 23, 1863. After the war it was bought as old scrap, condemned metal and sent to Trenton to be melted, but, having been identified, was set up on a granite base on the corner of Perry and Clinton streets, in that city.

While the Erie barge canal will cost $101,000,000, about one-third of the estimated cost of the Panama canal, the magnitude of the work exceeds that at Panama. The present Erie canal is about 350 miles long and of this distance the barge canal follows the old route for only 24 per cent, or eighty-four miles. For the other 260-odd miles the canal is laid out in what is practically another route, following their rivers and lakes, an old route of travel by water, which was used by the pioneers who settled the western part of the state.

Miss Lillian Smith, captain of the Ladies' Perseverance Swimming club of England, has just declared her intention of trying to swim the English channel during the present season. Though she is only eighteen, she has already performed some remarkable feats as a swimmer. She accompanied Jabez Wolffe in one of his attempts to swim the channel and remained in the water four and a half hours. She is not the first woman to make the attempt. Last year Annette Kellerman of Australia, made a valiant effort to reach Calais, but failed.

Dartmouth college is discussing the question of a successor to President Tucker, whose retirement on account of ill health is expected soon. One of the men prominently mentioned for the place is Representative Samuel W. McCall, of Winchester, Mass., an alumnus of Dartmouth. A report from Hanover, N. H., says that if Mr. McCall is willing to give up his seat in congress he is likely to be chosen to head the college. Mr. McCall, however, has not yet indicated a readiness to exchange his chair at Washington for one at Hanover.

The women of Denmark are rejoicing over the granting of communal and municipal suffrage to them. A deputation from the Danish National Suffrage association waited upon the prime minister and the minister of the interior to present memorials thanking them for their efforts in behalf of their countrywomen. At the public celebration both ministers delivered short speeches congratulating the women on their victory. During the jubilee here quiet that night a telegram was sent to the king, who returned an answer expressing his good wishes for the results of the reform.

The earliest mention of corn in Kansas is found in the account of Coronado's expedition in 1541-'42. Professor Williston found charred corn in the ruins of prehistoric Indian pueblos in Scott county, estimated by him to be at least two and a half centuries old. In some of the rooms there was found charred corn to a depth of five or six inches. The first mention of growing corn in Kansas of which there is any record is in the narrative of the expedition of Bourgmont, commander of the French colony of Louisiana. Bourgmont found the Kaw Indians cultivating corn on the present townsite of Doniphan in 1724.

Among recent wonderful surgical operations is one of a most da

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

FROM THE LATEST PARIS AND NEW YORK STYLES

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

2455—Ladies' Waist, with Body Lining and Long or Elbow Sleeves. Suitable for pongee or silk. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2412—Ladies' Corset Cover. Persian lawn with insertions of lace makes this a dainty undergarment. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

2446—Ladies' Three-Piece Skirt, in Sweep Length, with Tunic at the Front. A good model for the dressy skirt. 5 sizes—22 to 30.

1587—Ladies' Seven-Gored Flare Maternity Skirt, in Short Sweep or Round Length and with an Under Box Plait or Gathers at the Back. This garment may be developed in any material. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2417—Girl's Russian Dress. Any of the wash materials, as well as shepherds' plaid is used with good effect in this pattern. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2437—Girl's Slip, with Princess Front. Made up in any of the thin materials this is a dainty and stylish little undergarment. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2031—Misses' Yoke Waist, with high or low neck, long or three-quarter length sleeves and with or without suspender bertha. Chambray and embroidery are prettily combined in this pattern. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2327—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, with long or three-quarter length sleeves. White or light colored batiste or silk makes up well in this style. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

1933—Child's One-Piece Dress, closed at back, with Dutch neck and three-quarter length sleeves. Suitable for pique, duck or linen. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

1523—Girl's Plaited Russian Dress, closed at center of back and with detached sailor collar. A splendid model for the growing girl. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2243—Ladies' House Dress. The waist with square yoke and standing or rolling collar, and the fine gored skirt joined to the waist. Any of the prettily figured ginghams, or plain chambrays make up well in this style. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2227—Ladies' Sack Nightgown, in full or short length and with or without yoke facing. Especially suitable for the invalid, developed in nainsook, jaconet or thin cambric. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2231—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with or without back yoke facing, suitable for linen or any of the heavy wash materials. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2418—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, with three-quarter length sleeves and a removable chemisette. Plain and striped material are combined with good effect in this waist. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2118—Ladies' Six Gored Flare Skirt, with plaited sections at center of front and back. Especially appropriate for the walking skirt of linen, or any thin woolen material. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2027—Misses' Seven Gored Ripple Skirt. A splendid model for the separate skirt in any material. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2316—Girl's and Child's Dress, with high or Dutch neck. Flowered dimity and filet lace are combined in this dress. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

2413—Child's Empire Dress, with High or Dutch Neck and Long or Short Sleeves. Handkerchief linen is used to a great extent for the small child's frock. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.

1532—Ladies' Shirtwaist or Slip, with Front or Back Closing, High Neck, or Low or Dutch Round or Square Neck and Long or Three-quarter Length Sleeves. Suitable for any material. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

1809—Boys' Blouse or Short Blouse, with or without Permanent Turn Down Collar. Any of the plain or fancy shirtings are used for these garments. 6 sizes—5 to 15 years.

2013—Child's Dress, with Yoke, Plain or embroidered batiste is used for this dress, combined with lace insertion and edging. 4 sizes—½ to 3 years.

1789—Child's One-piece Apron, Slipped On over the Head. Checked or figured gingham, chambray dimity or lawn may all be used for this apron. 5 sizes—3 to 11 years.

2448—Ladies' Combination Corset Cover, Drawers and Short Petticoat. Nainsook, jaconet, thin cambric or lawn, edged with fine lace, makes this a cool and comfortable undergarment for summer wear. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

2433—Ladies' Work Apron. This pretty and unique little pattern developes well in plain or striped gingham, chambray, linen, galatea and even denim. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

FORAKER IS FOR TAFT

Ohio Senator Will Help Elect the Nominee.

Washington, June 19.—"Until the convention made a nomination every Republican had a right to have his choice," said Senator Foraker last night, after hearing of the nomination of Secretary Taft for the presidency.

"But now it is no longer a question of men, but a question of party. In this way Secretary Taft becomes my candidate for the presidency, and, while under all the circumstances, I can probably do but little, yet I shall do all I can to help elect him. Republicans will now quit contending among themselves and turn all their guns on the common enemy."

TAFT QUITS THE CABINET

His Resignation to Take Effect End of June.

Washington, June 19.—Secretary Taft's resignation as a cabinet officer was received by President Roosevelt today. It will take effect on July 1. This was decided last night following a conference of several hours at the White House, at which Mr. Roosevelt, Secretary Taft, Secretary Root and Assistant Secretary of State Bacon were present.

After the conference Mr. Taft was greeted by a dozen newspaper correspondents who desired to learn of his plans. "The President wants me to leave a clean slate for my successor," said the war secretary, "and it will take me at least ten days to settle all pending matters in the war department."

Luke E. Wright, of Tennessee, will be appointed secretary of war to succeed Mr. Taft.

ROOSEVELT ON VACATION

President Leaves Washington for Oyster Bay.

Washington, June 20.—President Roosevelt and party left for Oyster Bay today. The President's special train, consisting of a private car, a parlor car and a baggage car, pulled out of the Union station at 9:15 a. m.

The train proceeded over the Pennsylvania railroad to Jersey City. Thence the presidential party will go by boat to Long Island City, and expect to reach Oyster Bay at 5:35 o'clock this afternoon.

Secretary Root left on the same train with the President for his summer home at Clinton, N. Y., where he expects to spend the greater part of the summer. Mr. Root will attend the commencement exercises of Hamilton college. After a stay of about ten days at his home he will enter a physical training institution at White Plains, N. Y., for a short time. He will make one or more speeches during the political campaign.

SEC. TAFT IS SATISFIED

Welcomes Sherman as His Running Mate.

Washington, June 19.—President Roosevelt today sent a telegram to Representative Sherman congratulating him upon his nomination, saying:

"Accept my hearty congratulation and my earnest good wishes for the success of the ticket of Taft and Sherman."

Secretary Taft sent a telegram to Representative Sherman immediately upon hearing of the nomination, as follows:

"I sincerely and cordially congratulate you upon your nomination as vice president. Welcome you as a colleague in the contest and look forward with confidence to the result of the joint struggle. Will you not meet me in Cincinnati tomorrow to confer on matters of importance?"

Secretary Cortelyou sent the following telegram of congratulations to Mr. Sherman:

"Hearty congratulations and best wishes for the ticket."

Guild Sends Best Wishes.

Boston, June 19.—On receiving information of the nomination of Congressman Sherman to be vice president from the Associated Press, Governor Guild telegraphed his congratulations as follows:

"My heartiest congratulations and good wishes. Now for a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together for both nominees."

MR. FORAKER TO MR. TAFT

Senator Fears Mistrust, but Congratulates, Anyway.

Washington, June 20.—The following correspondence, dated yesterday, between Secretary Taft and Senator Foraker, following the nomination of the former at Chicago, was made public at the war department:

"Dear Mr. Secretary: Although I fear it may be unwelcome and probably misunderstood, it is nevertheless my pleasure to avail myself of my privilege to send you heartiest congratulations and best wishes for success in November. Very truly, J. B. FORAKER."

Secretary Taft's response follows:

"My Dear Senator: I assure you that your kindly note of congratulation gave me the greatest pleasure and I thank you for it from the bottom of my heart. I have never ceased to remember that I owe to you my first substantial start in public life, and that it came without solicitation.

"With very best wishes, believe me, my dear senator,

"Sincerely yours,

"WILLIAM H. TAFT."

826 KOREANS MURDERED

Insurgents Slay Countrymen Favoring Japanese Control.

Seoul, June 18.—Korea is now divided into 300 districts, each of which is provided with 20 auxiliary Korean gendarmes, commanded by a Japanese officer and telephone and telegraph connections.

Carefully collected and verified statistics show that Korean insurgents within the past eight months have murdered 826 peaceful Koreans who were members of a pro-Japanese society and burned 360 houses with a loss of 50,000 yen. In a number of cases entire crops were confiscated and women assaulted.

The fact that Korean bandits have killed many more Koreans than Japanese in the same period upholds the policy of the present Korean cabinet.

HE DIED ON A TRAIN

Sudden End of Senator Miliken of Michigan.

New York, June 19.—James W. Miliken, a member of the state senate of Michigan, was stricken with apoplexy and died on a New York Central railroad train while en route to this city today.

Mr. Miliken was accompanied by his wife. Their home is in Traverse City, Mich.

BURTON OUTLINES TAFT'S QUALIFICATIONS

Cleveland Congressman, in Nominating Speech, Tells Why Secretary Should Be Next President of U. S.

Chicago, Ill., June 18.—In nominating Secretary Taft for the presidency, Representative Theodore E. Burton, of Cleveland, O., welcomed the friendly contest for the honor and said that, although the Republican party might be divided in opinion before the nomination is made, "tomorrow, united for the flag, the champions of all the candidates will go forth with mounting enthusiasm to vanquish the foe."

Briefly, yet thoroughly, he outlined Taft's public career and mentioned his qualifications to occupy the presidential chair.

Congressman Burton's speech, in full, was:

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the convention:

This convention enters upon the grave responsibility of selecting a presidential candidate with the serene assurance that the Republican party will continue to rule this people. What assembled multitude in any land has ever pointed the way to such beneficent results for home and for the progress of the whole human race, as the recurring conventions of this grand old organization? Yet we do not rely alone upon the record of that which it has accomplished. We emphasize, even more, its supreme qualification to solve the problems of the present.

THEODORE E. BURTON.
Cleveland, O., Congressman, who nominated Taft.

It is especially appropriate that this gathering should be held in this marvelous city of Chicago, whence the steel bands of commerce reach out in every direction, over plain and river and mountain, to almost boundless distance, bringing the richest treasures of a continent to lay them at your feet. Here it was that the righteous uprising against slavery and Bourbonism, sprung from the nation's conscience, raised its first triumphant voice when Abraham Lincoln was nominated. And here, again, with notes of thunderous acclaim, enraptured throngs greeted the naming of Garfield, of Blaine, of Harrison, and of Roosevelt.

ANOTHER OHIO CANDIDATE.

Again Ohio presents a candidate to the national Republican convention. In seven stubbornly contested presidential campaigns, sons of her sacred soil have led the embattled Republican hosts to victory. The Buckeye state has assuredly contributed her share of statesmen and generals for upbuilding of the nation. But that of which we are prouder still is her stalwart citizenship—the mightiest bulwark of the republic in every commonwealth—made up of America's free yeomen, ever ready to respond to the tocsin of alarm in days of peril, or to crush corruption whenever it raises its menacing head. From this citizenship Ohio, in the supreme emergency of the civil war, sent forth more than 200,000 soldiers for our country's defense, a formidable array easily surpassing in numbers the world-conquering legions of imperial Caesar, and even larger than any army ever mustered by Britain for the tented field. But transcendent above all is the fact that Ohio is one of a matchless union of states linked together in everlasting bonds of amity and constituting an empire wonderful in power and almost immeasurable in extent. Each sovereign state alone would occupy but a subordinate place in the great current of the world's events, but when represented by one of 46 bright stars on a field of stainless blue, every one forms part of an emblem of union and of strength more beautiful far than the most brilliant constellation in the heavens.

WELCOME RIVALRY.

We welcome the friendly rivalry of candidates from other states—from the great Empire state, the Keystone state, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin, forming with Ohio a broad expanse extending in unbroken sweep from old ocean to the uppermost bound of the greatest of inland seas. Each of these presents a leader among leaders whose achievements and renown are not confined to the narrow limits of a single commonwealth. Today with fervid earnestness we wage a contest for the prize. Tomorrow, united for the fray and quickened by a common fiery zeal, the champions of all the candidates will go forth with mounting enthusiasm to vanquish the foe.

The most perplexing questions of today arise from the bountiful development of our material wealth. Such a development can not occur without the creation of inequalities and dangers to the social fabric. I most strenuously deny that the American business man or the American citizen cherishes lower standards than the citizens of any other country. The American people are by no means depraved. But by reason of their busy absorption in varied pursuits and of the glamor which attends success in great undertakings, questionable methods have been able to engraft themselves upon the business of the country. Rich rewards have too frequently been gained by some who are none too scrupulous. Monopoly, dishonesty and fraud have assumed a prominence which calls for the earnest attention and condemnation of every man who truly loves the republic.

ONE MAN PRE-EMINENT.

Against all these abuses and in the work for restoring old ideals of honesty and equality, as well as for higher standards of civic duty, one man has stood pre-eminent, and that man is Theodore Roosevelt. Against corruption in every form he has set his face with grim determination, prompt and fearless in action and with that intelligent leadership which has assured the establishment of a better era in which the strong and the weak alike must submit themselves to the impartial execution of the law. There was need of a strong, courageous spirit to restrain those destructive forces which have asserted themselves in this time of growth and plenty. The story of his achievements will make up one of the brightest pages in the history of this or any age and will prove that today, as in any critical hour of social unrest or of danger, the man will appear who can grapple with the emergency.

Who so fit to take up the tasks which this wondrous generation demands should be wisely and impartially performed as his great war secretary? Since the day when, in Benjamin Harrison's administration, these two first met—the one as solicitor general, the other as a member of the civil service commission—they have been bound together by like ideals and aims, by close ties of friendship, and by the exchange of mutual counsel, each with his own individuality and characteristics keeping constantly in view the ennobling vision of a better and a greater America. They have not been satisfied that the Temple of Prosperity should be decked alone by the jewels of the fortunate and the opulent, but have insisted that it should still more abound in trophies which commemorate the enforcement of even-handed justice and the maintenance of that equal opportunity which spreads hope and blessing even to the humblest home.

ASSOCIATED WITH REFORM.

Since the day when, less than thirty years of age, Mr. Taft denounced, with burning words, a member of his profession who had been guilty of flagrantly vicious practices and had demoralized the community, he has ever been associated with the cause of true reform—with that reform which will not content itself with academic dissertation or hollow words. He has been imbued with the spirit of action. His advocacy of sounder conditions has never arisen from a desire for the exploitation of himself. It has always been based upon unswerving integrity and the courage to speak the truth, as he understands it, on all occasions, no matter how influential or powerful the evils which he may attack.

No one has ever yet assumed the presidential chair who had received a more ideal preparation for the duties of that great office. As judge in state and federal courts, as solicitor general, as governor of the Philippines, as secretary of war, which has included the work of colonial secretary and director of national public works, he has received his training and has always shown himself master of the situation and competent to make more honorable and beloved the American name. There have been no years of inaction in his career. He has been continuously engaged in weighty tasks and each successive service has been characterized by an increasing influence upon most vital questions.

In our domestic affairs, in whatever position he has held, he has displayed the rare union of a judicial temperament with an unsurpassed gift for administrative management. To him belongs the extremely valuable faculty of eliminating the non-essential from complicated problems and going directly to their substance. His capacity for work is enormous, yet quite as helpful is his equable temperament, which will not allow the annoyances of life to distract or hamper him. Although of an aggressive personality, he possesses an infinite nature, a charm of manner and a poise which have made him a model for exalted station. In the final analysis even the highest officials must be judged as men, and under this criterion Secretary Taft is now and will ever be know for his broad sympathies with every grade of humanity, and as one invariably actuated by that democratic spirit which should characterize a progressive American. And yet no one can for a moment hesitate to recognize his severity in dealing with wrongdoing. While no honest enterprise need fear him, no dishonest scheme could hope to hide its face from the light or to escape punishment.

SOME ACHIEVEMENTS.

More than any other of our public men he has had to do with our outlying dependencies and colonial relations. It was he who took in charge the prosecution of that colossal enterprise on the isthmus, the canal uniting the lesser and the greater oceans, and under his directing hand the completion of this most stupendous of public works is no longer a vague and distant hope, but an imminent reality. With his ever-ready skill as a pacificator, he restored tranquility in the fertile island of Cuba, so often distracted by civil strife. In the far-off Philippines, under a blazing tropical sky he found a people of many races and tribes, degraded by centuries of misrule and oppression; and there too he not only established the rule of law and local control in place of confusion and bloody strife, but showed the way to self-government, and a new recognition of the rights of man. For peoples and races, like individuals, under the inspiration of a friendly guide, may lift their faces heavenward and seek to climb the great world's altar stairs to nobler heights of liberty and opportunity. It is to his lasting honor that his desire was not to be known as "Taft, the pro-consul," but as "Taft, the Father of the Filipinos," who brought to them the light of modern civilization.

In the larger sphere of world politics we are entering into new and closer bonds with all the nations of the earth. Who is better qualified than he to lead America to her true position in this later day when the boundaries established in the centuries past are becoming less distinct and kingdoms and races are beginning to realize that they have all one common destiny?

Secretary Taft has exceptional familiarity with conditions in the distant orient—in Japan, in China. We may rest assured that our traditional friendship with Japan will continue. Moreover, the future promises that the slumbering millions of China will awake from the lethargy of ages, and she then will realize that the morning dawn of fresher life and wider outlook comes to her across the broad Pacific from free America, her truest friend and helper. We covet no portion of her territory. We desire from her, as from all nations, increased good will and that mutual respect which knows neither bluster nor cringing on either side.

CERTAINTY OF PEACE.

Thus in this new era of larger relations, Secretary Taft, with his comprehension of national and international subjects, would furnish a certainty of peace and sustained prestige. Under him, at home and everywhere, this mighty people would have an assured confidence in the secure development and progress of the country and would rest safe in the reliance that a chief executive was at the helm who, in peace or in war, would guide the destinies of the nation with a strong hand and with a gentle, patriotic heart.

And so today, in the presence of more than ten thousand, and with the inspiring thought of the well-night ten thousand times ten thousand who dwell within our borders, I nominate for the presidency that perfect type of American manhood, that peerless representative of the noblest ideals in our national life, William H. Taft, of Ohio.

ROOSEVELT HEARD BIG DEMONSTRATION

Had Telephone Wire From Chicago Convention Hall to Room in White House.

Chicago, June 18.—It is said that President Roosevelt himself was an actual listener to the wild demonstrations of enthusiasm which greeted his name in the convention yesterday afternoon.

Remarkable as this may seem, it is accounted for by the following circumstances: Hanging ten feet above the heads of the delegates and immediately in front of the platform are four black discs, looped by wires and joined by a small central cable leading from the hall. Many have wondered at these discs, believing them to be a part of the system for electrical display. As a matter of fact, they are a combination of telephone and phonograph, taking up the proceedings as they occur and transmitting each swell of oratory and each throb of enthusiastic applause.

According to the reports, one of the wires was cut into the White House early in the afternoon, and the President in person, with the receivers at his ear, caught the words of Lodge as he electrified the vast assemblage and the echoing shouts which ebbed and flowed for fully 45 minutes.

It is said, moreover, that the President, pleased with the demonstration, made his feelings known to some of the leaders here, and then, contented with the outcome, went out to drive.

TRIBUTE TO ROOSEVELT

Voiced Like a Sea in Great Republican Convention.

William Allen White Portrays Remarkable Scene When Big Gathering Was Swept Off Its Feet.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

Chicago, June 18.—What a curious thing is a crowd of civilized men and women gathered for some formal occasion. The sibalant lisp of the great crowd in the Coliseum yesterday afternoon fell like a great wave on the shores of the place in idle conversation as the proceedings of the convention droned on. The committee on credentials made its report, and the great crowd lapped it up as the sea laps up the sand—impersonally, uninterested, utterly idle. There was no fight, and evidently the crowd knew there would be no fight.

The regular order proceeded, and Senator Lodge was installed as permanent chairman, and the great crowd—the great buff sea, rocked idly to look at him. He began to speak with some fervor, and little ripples of applause played across the tide. His earnestness deepened the billows slightly. He was a wind from out of the deep—for he talked not of tariffs and of the production of lead and steel, and of the tariff on raw silk. Instead, he talked of the things in the heart of the tide that was gently playing in its innumerable fancies about him and around him. He talked of the problems produced by the coming of inventions into human life and the relation of our new economic conditions to men and their destinies. It was obviously something that attracted the tide, for it grew still. The voice of Senator Lodge is strong and clear, and the words he spoke were simple words, made into simple sentences, strong and convincing, because they were earnest.

Once, when he had spoken seven or eight minutes, he referred incidentally to the President, and a wave of applause suddenly rumpled the face of the buff sea, and then the speaker pushed through it and went on with his argument. For he was obviously not looking for applause. He was speaking from his heart and not from his lips, and what he said fell upon his hearers' hearts and not upon their ears. The great crowd knew that it was finding its voice. It was an American citizen speaking to Americans of the problems in the American heart. It was deep speaking with deep. And the waves lulled and were quiet.

And then, not while he was at a climax, but as the man before them was reaching deeper and deeper into the soul of the place and the occasion, the sibalant lisp of the crowd hushed, and in the great silence the man spoke, simply and strongly and without oratorical flourish or emphasis. "He has enforced the laws as he found them, and so he is the best abused and most popular man in America." It was not much of a tribute. But a wave of sincere feeling swept over the quiet tide of humanity. It was not a strong wave, not much stronger than the first wave that came rolling in. But another wave followed it, and another higher and stronger came after it. The speaker, who did not realize what was about to come, put out his hand to beg for silence, but a huge wave of applause came over him, and he ducked and backed off good-naturedly and let the wind of emotion play as it would across the restless sea before him.

In another minute, or perhaps two, Senator Lodge rose again to face the rising tide, but it rolled in on him with a great roar, and men knew that the storm of applause had come which Theodore Roosevelt's work as an American citizen had conjured. So they let it rage, and for nearly an hour the waves of that storm broke and roared in that place.

Then the crowd, in that hour of joy gathered individuals in and they ceased to be individuals, and became the crowd. At times the delegates were swept off their feet. State after state rose, like black billows on the face of the waters, and cheered and waved pennants and sank to equilibrium, only to ruffle up again and cheer with the crowd. No state was able to keep its mooring. And in the tumult and the shouting there were no reactionaries. New York was as boisterous as Wisconsin, and Kansas joined Pennsylvania. "Roosevelt, Roosevelt, four years more!" they roared, and the cry skimmed over the waves of applause like a gull, and like a gull it was evanescent. It signified nothing. And then slowly, when the deep answered deep, the calm came and the speaker went on with his speaking.

It was all so simply and so naturally done, all so evidently sincere, without claque or prearrangement, that there was in its undercurrent an element of sadness. For it seemed a goodbye rather than a bait to Theodore Roosevelt, and those who have feared him feared him no more, and those who have trusted him were happy, but rather sad than joyful. When Senator Lodge had finished, those who heard him felt that they were listening to an orator—not to a spellbinder, for true oratory, we are told, "does not consist in speech. It may not be brought from afar. It consists in the man, in the subject and in the occasion." And here a sincere, earnest, scholarly man was speaking his heart upon a momentous occasion in history, and what he said had a dignity and an importance far beyond the words he uttered.

And so, when he had finished, the waves of conversation lisped sibalantly on the shore, and the hum-drum of events droned on as though a great event had not just stirred the deep and a significant moment in American history passed across the dial of our day.

After that it mattered little that the gentlemen from Kentucky and Pennsylvania and Ohio and Virginia strutted their little space upon the stage; it mattered little that the convention voted its expedience rather than its conscience. The day was made memorable by none of these things, but by the direct words from a sincere, wise man to his fellows about one of their own kind, and they, out of their hearts, met his words with wholesome gratitude.

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REPRESENTATIVE DEAD

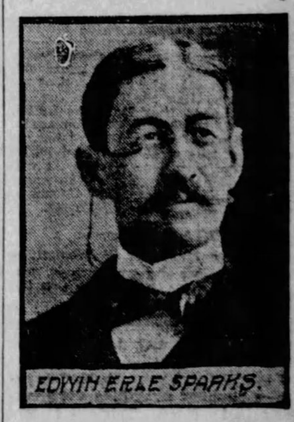
Congressman Wiley, of Alabama, Dies at Hot Springs,

Hot Springs, Va., June 18.—Representative A. A. Wiley, of Alabama, who served in Cuba as General Lawton's chief of staff and civil governor of the eastern province, and a member of the last four congresses, died at a hotel here yesterday. He was about fifty years old.

SPARKS NEW PRESIDENT

Now Head of the Pennsylvania State College.

State College, Pa., June 17.—Edwin Erle Sparks, Ph. D., formerly of the University of Chicago, was today inaugurated president of Pennsylvania



State college, succeeding the late President George W. Atherton.

The inaugural exercises were held in the Schwab auditorium and were attended by prominent educators from all parts of the country. Dr. Alexander Crombis Humphreys, president of Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. J., and Dr. Paul Shorey, professor of Greek in the University of Chicago, made addresses. The inaugural address of President Sparks dealt with the economic obligation of public education.

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No chemist's analysis of Grape-Nuts can begin to show the real value of the food—the practical value as shown by personal experience.

It is a food that is perfectly balanced, supplies the needed elements of brain and nerves in all stages of life from the infant, through the strenuous times of active middle life, and is a comfort and support in old age.

"For two years I have used Grape-Nuts with milk and a little cream, for breakfast. I am comfortably hungry for my dinner at noon.

"I use little meat, plenty of vegetables and fruit, in season, for the noon meal, and if tired at tea time, take Grape-Nuts alone and feel perfectly nourished.

"Nerve and brain power, and memory are much improved since using Grape-Nuts. I am over sixty and weigh 155 lbs. My son and husband seeing how I had improved, are now using Grape-Nuts.

"My son, who is a traveling man, eats nothing for breakfast but Grape-Nuts and a glass of milk. An aunt, over 70, seems fully nourished on Grape-Nuts and cream." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

MICHIGAN FOREST FIRES

Towns in Danger From Spreading Flames.

Wolverine, Mich., June 22.—Forest fires continue to rage over a large extent of timbered land in this county, but fortunately the wind has been light and towns people and settlers have been able to prevent the flames from reaching their homes. The country is very dry, and unless rain comes soon the homes and lives of many settlers will be in danger. Reports have been received here that the town of Legrande, which was reported to have been destroyed by forest fires had been saved from destruction, the fires burning themselves out at the edge of the woods. The town was deserted, however, and there seemed to be no hope of the village escaping destruction.

Reports from towns in the buring belt are to the effect that a vast amount of timber has been destroyed and that still greater damage will be done unless enough rain comes to extinguish the fires.

ALLIES LOST FIRST FIGHT

Taft Supporters Busy on the Coliseum Floor.

Temperature Soars and Delegates Swelter for First Time —Many Chairs Vacant.

Chicago, June 18.—Defeated at every other point, the anti-Taft adherents today undertook to wrest a taste of victory from a fight on the floor of the Republican national convention, but again lost out.

The fight was begun when the report of the resolutions committee was submitted. After the report had been read by Chairman Hopkins, Delegate Cooper, of Wisconsin, read the report of the minority committee.

It was decided, upon roll call, to vote separately upon the minority planks providing for publicity of campaign expenses, the physical valuation of railroads and the election of United States senators by a direct vote of the people. All three of these propositions were voted down, then at 12:45 the minority platform was rejected and the document submitted by Chairman Hopkins adopted by a viva voce vote.

The cool breeze which has given perfect weather thus far for the convention gave place in the early morning hours to a high, hot wind from the southwest that started the mercury on a rapid climb, and long before the opening of the convention the delegates were discarding coats, and in some instances vests were sent after the coats. Fans were at a premium and numerous pages were sent along the rows of seats, placing a fan in each one.

Convened at 10 O'Clock.

The delegates expecting a long, interesting and physically uncomfortable session, were slow in arriving at the hall, and fifteen minutes before 10 o'clock, the hour to which the adjournment of yesterday was taken, there were less than a dozen of them in their seats. The galleries at that time were also sparsely filled, and spectators were arriving slowly inside the hall, although the gathering crowds on the outside gave a forecast of the great throng soon to come.

The Taft managers, in order to fully conserve the interests of their candidate, early in the day, placed on the floor of the convention, but not in the capacity of either delegate or alternate, a number of the most prominent men in the party who are attached to the Taft candidacy. The duty of these men was to watch the work of the opposition candidates, and to promptly head off any possible defection of strength, and to hasten all accessions. These men were Senators Fulton, of Oregon; Warren, of Wyoming; Burkett, of Nebraska; Long, of Kansas; Borah, of Idaho, and National Committeeman Charles F. Brooker, of Connecticut; Powell Clayton, of Arkansas, and E. C. Duncan, of North Carolina.

Senator A. J. Hopkins, of Illinois, chairman of the committee on resolutions and custodian of the platform, arrived at 10:15 a. m. He looked tired and worn from the effect of the long hours of committee work.

Called to Order.

It was exactly 10:17 a. m. when Chairman Lodge rapped the convention to order. He introduced the Rev. John Wesley Hill, of New York City, who opened the sessione with prayer.

Many chairs in the more distant sections of the far-reaching galleries were vacant as the work of the day's session was taken up.

Senator Fulton, of Oregon, was recognized to introduce to the convention George H. Williams, the last surviving member of President Grant's cabinet. Mr. Williams is a member of the Oregon delegation. He was attorney general under President Grant, and is now over 80 years of age. He was escorted to a place on the platform.

Senator Hopkins received the recognition of the chair, and received applause as he stepped to the platform.

Representative Cooper, of Wisconsin, selected to make a minority report on the platform, also went to the stage with a ripple of plaudits following him.

Although Senator Hopkins is a speaker with excellent enunciation and a clear, resonant voice, the making himself audible throughout the hall was a task that taxed his powers to th utmost. The roar of conversation in the convention swelled steadily as the senator's voice grew a bit husky and some of the planks were not very clearly heard by the mass of delegates.

The tariff revision plank was not heard, or if it was it was disregarded entirely. Not a single hand-clap followed as Senator Hopkins finished the reading of that plank.

Senator Hopkins went steadily on and incidentally he was himself brought to a stop by a sharp rap of the gavel intended to produce quiet. He turned to the chairman expecting him to again address the galleries, but the eyes and attention of the chairman were elsewhere, and Senator Hopkins turned again to his task.

The reading of the platform was concluded at 11:16.

"I move the previous question on the report I have just read, and the minority report which will be read by Representative Cooper."

It was Senator Hopkins who spoke.

Ohio Seconds Motion.

Kansas and Ohio seconded the motion, and it was put to a viva voce vote and declared carried, although there were many "noes" raised in opposition.

Representative Cooper, as he was advanced to the front, was greeted with cheers and cries of encouragement from the Wisconsin delegation. None came from any other direction.

Chairman Lodge, before Mr. Cooper commenced the reading of his report, announced that the debate on the question would be confined within 40 minutes, one-half to each side. Senator Hopkins, he said, would have charge of the debate on the side of the majority, and Representative Cooper would lead the fight on behalf of the minority of the committee.

"We could not agree," began Representative Cooper, "with the majority in regard to the tariff, the trusts, railroads, injunctions and trials in contempt cases, and felt compelled to submit a minority report on these subjects."

He then proceeded to read first the lengthy plank proposed as a substitute to that offered in the reported platform. The substitute embodied the La Follette idea of a physical valuation of all railroads as a basis for the fixing of the rates. While the Republican party has done much, the plank declared, there yet remains a great deal to be accomplished in the public interests.

What Minority Wanted.

The minority report favored the enlargement of the powers of the interstate commerce commission, and the clothing of it with authority of trial for contempt proceedings. The increase in the personnel of the commission also was urged, the plank declaring it to be absurd that seven men should be expected to deal adequately with all the maze of problems confronting them under these new conditions. If necessary it was provided there should be sub-commissions to deal with controversies, an appeal being allowed to the full commission.

"We recommend," continued Mr. Cooper amid applause, "the enactment of a law requiring the interstate commerce commission to make an exact inventory of the physical property of all railroads, such valuation to be made the basis of just and reasonable railorad rates.'

WIFE OF BISHOP DEAD

Philadelphia, June 19.—Mrs. Julia Whitaker, wife of Bishop Ozi W. Whitaker, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Pennsylvania, died at her home here today after a long illness. She was 73 years old.

TAFT'S CAREER IN BRIEF

William Howard Taft, Secretary of War of the United States.
Born in Cincinnati, September 15, 1857.
Son of Alphonse (Attorney General United States 1876-7) and Louise M. (Torrey) Taft.
Graduated from Woodward High School, Cincinnati, 1874.
Graduated from Yale with the degree of B. A. 1878 (second in a class of 121, salutatorian and class orator.
Graduated from the Cincinnati Law School 1880, degree of LL. B., dividing first prize.
LL. D., University of Pennsylvania, 1902, and Yale, 1903.
Married in Cincinnati, 1886, to Miss Helen Herron by the Rev. Dr. M. A. Hoge, of Zanesville, a Presbyterian minister.
Admitted to Ohio bar 1880.
Law reporter Cincinnati Times, and later of Cincinnati Commercial, 1880-1.
Assistant Prosecuting Attorney, Hamilton County, O., 1881-2.
Collector Internal Revenue, First District of Ohio, 1882-3.
Practiced law in Cincinnati 1883-7.
Assistant County Solicitor, Hamilton County, 1885-7.
Judge Superior Court of Ohio, 1887-90.
Solicitor General United States, 1890-2.
Dean and professor in Cincinnati Law School, 1896-1900.
United States Circuit Judge, Sixth Circuit, 1892-1900.
President of United States Philippine Commission, March 16, 1900, to February 1, 1904.
First Civil Governor Philippine Islands, July 4, 1901, to February 1, 1904.
Secretary of War of the United States, appointed in 1903 and taking office February 1, 1904.
Sent by President Roosevelt to Rome, 1902, to confer with Pope Leo XIII. concerning purchase of agricultural lands of religious orders in the Philippines.
President of the American National Red Cross, 1905.
Home, Cincinnati.
Address, War Department, Washington.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.

Our Heavenly Father, this day we accept as a loving tribute of Thy Love to Thy Children. May we not mar it by unhallowed thoughts, unkind, hasty and regretful speech and shameful and evil deeds.

MONDAY.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.

TUESDAY.

God leads often to good ends through ways which seem to us dark. He can make crooked things straight for us. Perhaps we shall find at the last that many of the best things of our life are the things over which we grieve now as blunders.

WEDNESDAY.

Just to be good, to keep life pure from degrading elements, to make it constantly helpful in little ways to those who are touched by it, to keep one's spirit always sweet and avoid all manner of petty anger and irritability, —that is an ideal as noble as it is difficult.

THURSDAY.

There is no anodyne for heart sorrow like ministry to others.

FRIDAY.

We can only have the highest happiness by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves.

SATURDAY.

If thou but suffer God to guide thee,
And hope in Him through all thy ways,
He'll give thee strength, whate'er betide thee,
And bear thee through the evil days;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that naught can move.

"Do Good, Be Good, Think Good"

In these days of multitudinous religions, philosophies, cults, delusions and fancies, by means of which people are striving to reach what is called the "higher life," much perplexity, wrangling and unhappiness might be prevented if one plain rule was followed to the letter.

The rule is this' "Do good. Be good. Think good."

On the surface it is simplicity itself; in fact, it is probably too simple to attract much attention, since its meaning is clear to a child, and there need be no digging and delving in abstruse teachings in order to get at the truth.

There seems to be a great fascination in high-sounding phrases, and complicated philosophies which carry with them the atmosphere of profound learning, and can be understood, or professed to be understood, only by the few. Good is something which should not be clothed in mystery. It is supposedly the foundation of all Christian religions, and belongs exclusively to none.

"We have found the only way to the higher life, and the road which leads to heaven," boasts one sect. Others in almost limitless numbers fling back the cry, defiant with contradictory meaning. All are endeavoring to travel the same way, though by paths which are widely different.

Heaven is a realm regarding which there is a multiplicity of opinions. It is here; it is there; it is far off; it is close at hand; it does not exist save in the imagination. Surely it is beautiful to believe in an actual heaven, either here or beyond, which may be reached only by being good.

To suffer from spiritual dissatisfaction is a fad of the day. Many and devious are the leads followed by those who are thus affected. Often they face a blank wall at the end of their journey, and turn back with longings ungratified, to seek again in some other direction. Shifting and unstable as the sands is the kind of searching for truth; a searching which, in the course of pursuit, blinds the eyes to the great, immutable rule and reason for existence:

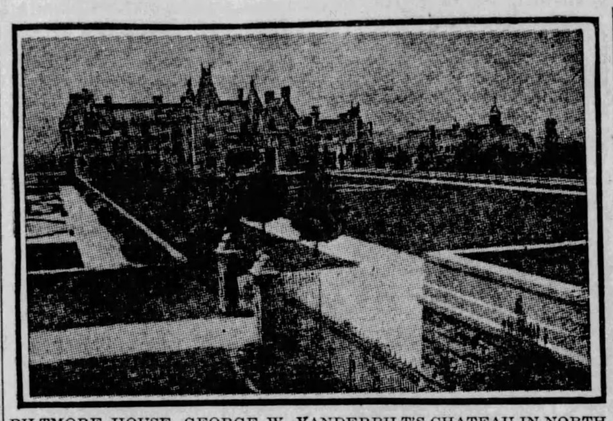
"Do good Be good. Think good."

There is no more difficult or profounder truth than this. None which, to live up to, requires greater persistence, thought, study, bravery, self-forgetfulness, strength of character, and all of the other virtues which must be compounded to make a noble or, to clothe it in modern phraseology, a "higher life." It is a creed that is too plain to be popular. There is nothing new or astonishing about it. It contains no startling revelations; nothing of mysticism; nothing psychological; nothing which requires a key to solve hidden mysteries. There is nothing hidden about it. Undisguised by language that tricks and misleads, old as the age-worn world, it stands unchanged and unshaken by the clamor and jostling of the so-called "higher life" ideas.

"Do good. Be good. Think good."

Those whose thoughts are filled with the message of this creed; whose lives are ruled by this teaching, will not have the time or inclination to be troubled by doubt and insoluble spiritual problems. is that we become so much absorbed in self and selfish interests that we do not find time to "Look up, lift up," or to offer the encouragement and cheer which is often in our power to give. Our motto is fine. Let us practice it. I will sign my old M. G. R. name—Regina.

The GREATEST ESTATE IN AMERICA



BILTMORE HOUSE, GEORGE W. VANDERBILT'S CHATEAU IN NORTH CAROLINA.

His Dutch ancestors spelled it Vander-bylt and they would tell you that the name meant of the hill. Perhaps it was in the blood of George W. Vanderbilt to become one of the hill folk when he saw the giant teeth that nature molded in western Carolina, where she uplifted the earth in the Blue Ridge mountains.

This southern Oberland attracted him. He would know more of it. Gazing into the region of the wild, it called to him and he heeded the call. From where he stood he could see one of the majestic peaks standing out by itself, and this he coveted. But to turn it into a home site meant to tear down a mountain, to blast and dig away a vast pyramid of earth and rock to a depth of hundreds of feet. The engineer he sent for told him that it would cost at least a million dollars. Only a million? They went ahead. Then he told them to go a thousand miles away and get enough limestone to build a house on this cut-off mountain. What kind of a house? A chateau such as he had seen in the valley of the Loire. They brought the limestone and oak and other woods for the floors and walls and doors where marble was not used. The homemaker and his wife went around the globe searching for tapestries, rugs, and carpets to furnish it. Paintings and statuary from the famous collections of the Old World were hauled up the hillside to adorn the interior. But what was round about was not forgotten. The chateaux of the Loire are famed for their landscape gardens with their walks, their fountains, and their wealth of flowers, so a model of one of these miniature paradises was created out of a part of the mountain-top overlooking a tumbling stream that has been cutting a channel in the rock slope for recording centuries. Below the garden that man made is another that nature made through the heart of which dashes this watery ribbon, so there are two gardens where flower and shrub vie with each other in charming the eye and sense.

Such is Biltmore House. You hear travelers speak of it as the finest country seat in America, which is true, for there is no mansion in the suburbs of the great eastern cities, in Newport, or in the millionaire colonies on the Jersey coast that equals it in magnificence. Since the chateau was completed nearly twenty years ago, each year has added some new feature to the beautifying of its surroundings until Biltmore House and the one hundred thousand surrounding acres in the Vanderbilt domain constitute the greatest estate in America and probably one of the greatest estates of modern creation.

That is a big phrase, but only big phrases fit those hundred thousand Biltmore acres that rise and fall over mountains, that are covered by fifteen square miles of virgin forest and two square miles of cultivated field and pasture land, that boast a thriving village—Biltmore—of three hundred souls, and that are crisscrossed by 20 miles of magnificent macadam roads. It represents an investment of $2,000,000. Upon it are a dozen farms of which eight are leased to tenants on shares and four are directly under Vanderbilt cultivation. Over its great pasture clearings graze 275 cattle, mostly blooded milch cows, besides the Berkshire hogs, poultry, and pigeons for which Biltmore is celebrated.

It would be hard to find a region so devoid of agricultural promise, so discouraging as the site of a great country home, as this wilderness which George W. Vanderbilt has made into a veritable wonderland.

Prior to his coming, most of the country folk who are his neighbors today were up-and-down, or mountainside, farmers except where they dug roots for patent medicine manufacturers and hunted and trapped for a living. Their dwellings were shacks or huts of logs, and a half dozen human beings besides the dogs, the cat, sometimes the pigs, slept in the same room. Corn and grease and potatoes were the principal articles of food with sometimes a bit of bacon and cabbage on Sundays—and it is a fact that some of the poorest chewed a sort of clay, thinking it contained nourishment. Existing in this way for year after year small wonder is it that many of these people had degenerated into pitiful apologies of men and women.

But go through the country near Biltmore today and you see a decided change among the rural folk. For the creator of this wonderland has not only made a home—he is transforming the world to the country folk around so that they have begun to have some faith in the future. The example furnished them has shown them a better way to till their farms, to raise their crops, economy in agricultural methods, and a home life which brings comfort instead of misery. In short, many of the people are leading a new life guided largely by the example he has set and the aid he has given them.

Standing on what was once a worthless hillside there are tasteful, comfortable homes. Each has its four or five rooms, its stoves, sewer, and pure water, and other modern conveniences—yet the tenant pays only four dollars or five dollars a month, according to the size of the house. This rural village is the creation of the head of the farm department, who took stones and sand from a river bottom, mixed them with cement, and literally molded a house from it on a frame of wood and wire, a house that actually costs less than if of wood, yet is warmer in winter and so durable that this home-made concrete composes not only the farm dwellings, but stables and other structures, and forms the walls of the houses, the stores, even the church and hospital of Biltmore.

Once a year the big doors of Biltmore house swing wide open—not to the curious stranger, but to the favored families of Asheville and round about who are on the Vanderbilt visiting list. But they are not the only guests. Every family on the estate is given a Christmas welcome. The master and mistress of the house, with Cornelia, the 8-year-old daughter, who is the only child, receive the butcher, the grocer from Biltmore town, the clerks in the offices, the bronze-faced woodsmen, and the toilers of the field.

Looking over these men, women and children as they gather about the feast-laden tables or the great evergreen loaded with gifts, at least one for each, you realize what this man has done. Every worker, with the exception of two or three, is of the mountains. Their ability, their energy, their loyalty have made Biltmore the greatest country seat in America. But, what is best of all, they themselves prove that the man of riches can thus spend his wealth and do a great uplifting educational work that pays in other coin than thanks.—Day Allen Wiley, in the New Broadway Magazine for July.

THE POETS' CORNER

Several requests have been sent for poems appropriate to the Fourth of July, and we are glad to oblige our readers with the following patriotic verses.

LASCA.

By Frank Desprez.

I want free life and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The crack of the whips like shots in a battle,
The melee of horns and hoofs and heads
That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads;
The green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger, and life and love,
And Lasca!

Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang close to my side,
With blue serape and bright-belled spur;
I laughed with joy as I looked at her!
Little knew she of books or of creeds;
An Ave Maria sufficed her needs;
Little she cared, save to be by my side,
To ride with me, and ever to ride,
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
She was bold as the billows that beat,
She was wild as the breezes that blow;
From her little head to her little feet
She was swayed in her suppleness to and fro
By each gust of passion; a sapling pine,
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.

She would hunger that I might eat.
Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet;
But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,
One Sunday, in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,
She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
And—sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger!
An inch to the left, or an inch to the right,
And I shouldn't be maundering here tonight;
But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly bound
Her torn reboso about the wound,
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
In Texas down by the Rio Grande.

Her eye was brown—a deep, deep brown;
Her hair was darker than her eye;
And something in her smile and frown,
Curled crimson lip and instep high,
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of old Spain.
She was alive in every limb
With feeling to the finger-tips;
And when the sun is like a fire,
And sky one shining, soft sapphire,
One does not drink in little sips.

The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side, and forgot—forgot;
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest,
Forgot that the air was close and oppressive,
That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon,
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon;
That once let the herd at its breath take fright;
Nothing on earth can stop the flight;
And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
Who falls in front of their mad stampede!

Was that thunder? I grasped the cord
Of my swift mustang without a word.
I sprang to the saddle, and she clung behind.
Away! on a hot chase down the wind!
But never was a fox-hunt half so hard,
And never was steed so little spared.
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared,
In Texas down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
There was one chance left, and you have but one;
Halt, jump to ground, and shoot your horse;
Crouch under his carcass and take your chance;
And if the steers in their frantic course
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
You may thank your stars; if not, good-by
To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,
And the open air and the open sky,
In Texas down by the Rio Grande!

The cattle gained on us, and, just as I felt
For my six-shooter behind in my belt,
Down came the mustang, and down came we,
Clinging together, and—what was the rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast.
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
Two lips that hard on my lips were prest;
Then came thunder in my ears,
As over us surged the sea of steers,
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
And when I could rise—
Lasca was dead!

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,
And there in Earth's arms I laid her to sleep;
And there she is lying, and no one knows,
And the summer shines and the winter snows;
For many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head;
And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,
And the sly coyote trots here and there,
And the black snake glides and glitters and slides
Into a rift in a cottonwood tree;
And the buzzard sails on,
And comes and is gone,
Stately and still like a ship at sea;
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are like the things that were.
Does half my heart lie buried there
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

The Nation's Birthday.

By Mary E. Vandyne.

Ring out the joy bells! Once again,
With waving flags and rolling drums,
We greet the Nation's Birthday, when
In glorious majesty, it comes.
Ah, day of days! Alone it stands,
While, like a halo round it cast,
The radiant work of patriot hands,
Shines the bright record of the past.

Among the nations of the earth,
What land hath story like our own?
No thought of conquest marked her birth
No greed of power e'er was shown
By those who crossed the ocean wild,
That they might plant upon her soil
A home for Peace and Virtue mild
And altars rear to Freedom's God.

Independence Bell—July 4, 1776.

Author Unknown.

There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were thronged with people
Passing restless up and down—
People gathering at the corners,
Where they whispered lip to ear,
While the sweat stood on their temples,
With the stress of hope and fear.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat about the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Swelled in harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

Far aloft in the high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray,
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptered sway.
So he sat with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
Till his eye should catch the signal,
The expected news to tell.

See! See the dense crowd quivers
As beside the door a boy
Looks forth with hands uplifted,
His eyes alight with joy.
Hushed the people's swelling murmur
As they listen breathlessly—
"Ring!" he shouts; "ring, grandpapa!
Ring! Oh, ring for liberty!"

Quickly at the weclome signal
The old bellman lifts his hand;
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.
How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom echoed
From the belfries everywhere.

The old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue,
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living, ever young.
And we'll ne'er forget the bellman
Who, that great day in July,
Hailed the birth of Independence,
Which, please God, shall never die.

After the Fourth of July.

By M. Phelps Dawson.

We put him to bed in his little night-gown,
The most battered youngster there was in the town;
Yet he said as he opened his only well eye,
"Rah, rah, for the jolly old Fourth of July!"

Two thumbs and eight fingers with fists were tied up,
On his head was a bump like an upside-down cup,
And his smile was distorted, and his nose all awry,
From the glorious Fourth of July.

We were glad; he had started abroad with the sun,
And all day had lived in the powder and fun;
While the boom of the cannon roared up to the sky,
To salute Young America's Fourth of July!

I said we were glad all the pieces were there,
As we plastered and bound them with tenderest care,
But out of the wreck came the words with a sigh,
"If tomorrow was only the Fourth of July!"

He will grow all together again, never fear,
And be ready to celebrate freedom next year;
Meanwhile all his friends are most thankful there lies
A crackerless twelvemonth 'twixt the Fourth of Julys.

We kissed him good-night on his powder-specked face,
We laid his bruised hands softly down in their place,
And he murmured, as sleep closed his eyes open eye,
"I wish every day was the Fourth of July."

The King's Business.

I am a stranger here, within a foreign land,
My home is far away upon a golden strand;
Ambassador to be of realms beyond the sea,
I'm here on business for my king.

CHORUS.

This is the message that I bring,
A message angels fain would sing,
"Oh, be ye reconciled!"
Thus saith my Lord and King,
"Oh, be ye reconciled to God!"

This is the King's command that all men everywhere
Repent and turn away, from sin's seductive snare;
That all who will obey, with him shall reign for aye
And that's the business for the King.

My home is brighter far than Sharon's rosy plain,
Eternal life and joy thro'out its vast domain;
My sovereign bids me tell how mortals there may dwell,
And that's my business for my King.

POEMS WANTED.

Can anyone send the poe mentioned? The Chemistry of Life? One of our friends is very anxious to secure it.

The Gospel hymn, In the Sweet By-and-Bye, is asked for.

Will someone send the poem that has these lines:

When the lessons of life are all over,
And death says that school is dismissed.

A LITTLE CHAT.

Please do not send poems for publication in the Poets' Corner which have not been asked for. We are very glad to have you interested, but it is impossible for us to publish all the poems that are requested. We are 'way behind with them, and cannot give space to those which no one has asked for.

Joe McKinney—We are glad you like The Blade well enough to write some verses about it. They are pretty good, too; but you see the law we have had to lay down in the preceding paragraph.

Poems received in answer to recent requests are: Just Before the Last Great Charge, Your Dad Gave His Life for His Country, After the Ball, Only a Boy, Little Barefoot, One by One, Little Willie, I Have No Mother Now, and The African Chief.

Next week we shall head the column with Will Carleton's Over the Hill to the Poorhouse. The following week we shall print the sequel to this poem.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left hand corner of the envelope.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Look up; lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer, scattering sunshine along the way.

A LITTLE CHAT.

I am a farmer's wife, although I was educated for another position, but having too much of the Indian or Gypsy nature I could not content myself in business. As soon as spring comes and the woods and fields seem to awake from their long sleep, I cannot be happy indoors. I can hardly interest myself in my housework, but I know it's "my duty," therefore I do it.

What is duty? This question was once handed me at an Epworth League meeting. I wish to ask what our members think duty is. If your ideas and the answer I have do not correspond, I'll give the answer as it was given to me.

I would like to ask The Shepherd's Wife and A Busy Wife, if, whenever they have a little lamb they are obliged to raise on a bottle, it does not remind them of what the Master said: "Feed my lambs," also of the picture of our blessed Savior with the stray lamb resting so contentedly in His arms? I love animals and fowls and anything that depends on us for love and kindness.

I have one little girl, eleven years old, and a stepdaughter 22 years old, who is married. She has a son of six months who tips the scales at 22 pounds. Let us hear from the Indian woman, V. S. A. from Virginia again. I have a tender feeling toward her, as my father, long since dead, and White Cloud were very dear friends. I will go now, signing myself by the name the Indians gave me when I was a small child—Princess Wildflower.

A REPLY TO SALOME.

Salome of Maryland, if I could be privileged to eat of your southern dinner with its fried chicken and Maryland biscuit, I should not want a "little mite" of something else. What are Maryland biscuit? I think I never heard of them before.

I should judge your "hobby" is order—a place for everything and everything in its place. Thirteen rooms! My, and you do all the washing, cleaning, and baking, and last, but not least, tend that vegetable garden. Why, I have just counted ten varieties of vegetables you say you have planted. Where, when and how can you find time to attend to that large house?

Yes, Mrs. Squires, I think your ideas are right. We mothers and wives need a smile, too. When I read—from a woman's pen—"meet your husband with a smile when he returns home tired after a busy day in the office, and don't annoy him with the cares of the household," I thought, poor man, if he appreciates one of those forced smiles from an over-tired wife, then let him approach her with a smile, and add a few cheerful, encouraging words. How we all appreciate this when it is sincere!

It is the twelfth of May, and we are having heavy, cold rains and snow, too, so nature is seeing to it that we are to have our regular allowance of the beautiful, for we had very little snow during the past winter. So far as lonesomeness being caused by cloudy, rainy weather, it has a different effect on me. Then I read and do all my writing, and when the sun comes out I am out too. Good-bye.—Alone.

FINDS COZY CORNER HELPFUL.

Will you let another young mother sit in the corner with you? We have taken The Blade ever since we went to housekeeping, and I very much enjoy reading the Household page, especially the Cozy Corner, for it helps me in so many ways. We live on a farm and I love it, as I have never lived anywhere else. I milk four cows and raise many chickens and ducks, and I realize a nice little profit from them the year around. I have two children. One is a boy three years old and the other a girl of 20 months. I like the letters written about the training of little folks.

I do all my own sewing, and always try to get it all done up in the winter, so everything will not come at once in the spring. I am like Everyone's Friend, I cannot always wear a clean apron and my "company smile," but I have lots of company, anyway. I will sign the name my father gave me when I was a little tot.—Puss.

FROM A FORMER M. G. R.

In my girlhood days I was a member of the Merry-Go-Round, although I presume I have long since been forgotten, as I was not a very frequent writer. Now that I am a matron, with one small son, I will seek my place in the circle of older persons, and I want to thank each one of you for the good I have derived from your letters.

The following hints, I hope, will prove of use to someone:

Did any of the sisters ever try dipping their fruit jar rubbers in melted parafine? I have, and find it a very successful method in sealing fruit.

Do you know that rice put to cook in boiling water and set where it will cook slowly will cook much sooner and, when thoroughly done, will still retain the perfect shape of the grain, something greatly desired in cooked rice.

I agree with Wee Wifie, that if we read and also obey the 13th chapter of 2nd Corinthians, we would be much better people, but what a shameful truth it

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.
Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Everyone will be glad to welcome back Florida Old Man, whose letter follows:

I am back again from a foreign tour, much improved by contact with many people of other nations and tongues. Many of the ideas I had formed from study of travel and history are dissipated, and facts have been learned which, in some cases, are stranger than fiction. My trip to the Orient, the part of the world that filled my boyish thoughts as the one great place to visit, has given me the desire to visit it again and to seek deeper into its life and history, and learn more of its people and their habits.

Just a few points of the trip:

Gibraltar, the once impregnable fortress, could now be reduced by modern warfare. Standing on its summit, we could, with a good glass, kindly loaned by the officer in charge view northwestern Africa. The blue Mediterranean, so peaceful, so grand—Italy, Greece, Egypt, the Nile, the Pyramids, Nazareth, Palestine, Jerusalem, all places of history, both sacred and profane, require more than a single letter. Personally, I enjoyed this trip better than any I have taken before.

I feel ten years younger than when I left in February, and, although every day of the trip, from its beginning at New York direct to the Orient, with some by-trips, back by way of England and Scotland, was filled with interest, I was best pleased when, on the 26th of May, I saw the Stars and Stripes at New York City. I shall, if my health permits, go again next spring.

If the M. G. R.'s wish, I will shortly begin a series of letters detailing things of interest on my trip. I have my gold badge yet.—Florida Old Man.

I will speak for the Circle and say that we should like to have some descriptive letters from you. Thank you for the souvenir. It was kind of you to remember me.—Miss Prudence.

Oh-ho-hum! It's really too bad. When I was starting out to beat Rip Van Winkle's record, too. And to have my slumber rudely broken by New England Girl's fondness for tea. It really is provoking. Now that I am awake, I should say something before "dropping off" again, but, what can I say? With N. E. G., Em T. Head, Carolyn and a few other fluent talkers monopolizing the attention of the company, what can a poor fellow, slow of speech and rather backward, do? I've been a member almost ever since the circle started, and that is so long ago that it's hard to remember. I have often thought how nice it would be to have an album containing photographs of all the members who have belonged since the start. What an album it would be!

"Make Haste" what has become of you? Drop us a line. Lancelot, we are mourning your disappearance also. And now I'll take another nap and if that lady from New England doesn't get too awkward with the tea pot, I may yet be able to make a new record.—Zack Stubbs.

One of our subscribers who has been with us for several years, has "dropped into poetry" and sends us these verses. They are entitled—

THE WOODEN HEN.

I've got a wooden hen,
Nice as any in the land,
And when I put her setting,
She sets to beat the band.

She does not set a-standing,
Nor let her eggs get cool,
Or leave her nest to other hens—
She's not that big a fool.

She just gets down to business,
And brings on a nice hatch,
Of large, strong, healthy chickens,
I never saw her match.

I never set the feathered tribe,
They are too slow for me;
When I go in the chicken business,
I want some chickens, see?
—C. E. Stebbins.

I live in the southwestern part of Ohio. I am eighteen years old and have been fatherless for six years. I am in the high school, grade B. My mother is very poor and for this reason, I have had to work my own way for the past four years. The battles of life are sometimes hard, but when you conquer, and conquer you surely will if you persevere—you are glad that the victory is yours through your own strength and not through the aid of unwilling hands.

I love books and solitude. For this reason, and perhaps for others, I am not a favorite with my classmates, since I prefer a good book or a walk in the woods, to their company.

The country near my home is composed of low hills, of gently sloping outline, but about five miles to the east, the land rises into a chain of rugged hills which form a background for a picture of unsurpassed beauty, in my estimation.—Buckeye.

Owing to the weather, I think I can begin my letter as Dirigo did his, but I fear I can never equal him when it comes to a good letter. It is dreary out of doors today, so dreary it almost makes those who should be happy and gay, dreary too. Surely, we who have good health and a dear father and mother, the best of sisters and brothers, a lovely home, and true friends, ought to be happy. I think I am happy as the average. I try to be.

It has been quite a long, long while since I last made you all a visit, and I want to say at once, it was not because I did not enjoy myself when last with you that I have stayed away so long, as I always have delightful times with you all. Since I was with you, the flowers have come and some have spent their short lives and have gone. But they did not go without fulfilling their mission. Each one smiled a welcome to the sunshine, and, perhaps, gave a kind message to some lonely wanderer who had all but lost heart under his heavy burdens. God has given them, as well as us, some little task to do, to show our praise to him.

Now here, Dirigo, just a word in your ear. Do not be frightened away. No one wants to "preach." We have no objections to your height, or to your beautiful complexion, and we are all with you when you say you abhor intoxicating liquors. Of course, we don't exactly approve of the tobacco, and we can't like the sarcastic part of your life. Now you certainly could leave that off to a great advantage to yourself and others. Pardon me if I have said more than I should.

How many of you like to go to Sunday School.. I think it is a beautiful work, and is the place to start all little boys and girls toward being good men and women. I would like to ask Brown-Eyed Mamie of Arkansas what part of the state, or rather what city, is her home. Dirigo, where did you get that name? I'm sure I have heard it before and should like to know where.—Diamond.

I am a country girl of eighteen summers. Our farm is along the beautiful Juniata river. In the summer I help my father and brother with the work in the fields. I have two older sisters. One is married and the other is a school teacher. We have two little orphan boys making their home with us at present. My father is living, but my mother has been dead for ten years. I have a stepmother now.—Juniata Valley Girl.

Hello! Will you admit a jolly hearted girl in your circle? I love to read your letters. How many of you like singing? I do, and I also like to read good books of any kind. I will give you an idea of myself. I am five feet four inches tall, have hazel eyes, brown hair and a light complexion. I live on a farm and am 20 years old. With good wishes to all.—Ollie Cross.

Will you admit a boy from the Old North State? I have read The Blade for five years and like the M. G. R. letters. I live in the country about nine miles from town. Where I live it is very rough, although the land is very fertile. We raise all kinds of grain. The beautiful mountains that rear their peaks heavenward give the finest views in the world. I live within thirty miles of the largest artificial lake in the world. It is lake Toxaway. This part of the country is called the Land of the Sky.—Tar Heel.

I have greatly enjoyed reading the M. G. R. letters and think I ought to donate. I have taken the paper three years and have read M. G. R. letters in every paper. During the past year I had my paper sent to Los Angeles, California, where I stayed for one year.

I am a great lover of music and sing in our Sunday school and church choir. I have a guitar and can play accompaniments. I am going to watch for M. G. R. questions and try to answer some.—Mac.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS.

The book discussion is discontinued, cut out, stopped, and, sad to relate, I was forced to gently but firmly waft a number of letters on this subject into the waste paper basket. They were all good letters, but we have discussed books and authors so thoroughly that it seemed best to say nothing further. I had hoped against hope to publish all the letters in stock, but there were enough to last a year, and we couldn't, you know, really we couldn't, keep on with it that long.

I have a new list of questions in reserve, but there are still several letters I want to publish before we start something new going.—Miss Prudence.

Letters which have come to the circle lately are from Witch Hazel, Somebody's Dearie, Nightingale, and Dakota Bill.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left hand corner of the envelope.

A KINDLY OFFER.

"Johnny" Goff, who was Roosevelt's guide during his Colorado hunt, is now living near Cody, Wyoming. One of Goff's neighbors, when contemplating a trip to Washington this winter, mentioned the fact to Goff.

"Say, if you go," said the guide, generously, "lemme know. I'll drop the President a line and have him look you up."—Lippincott's.

A GOOD HABIT.

Baby Florence was much annoyed when her requests to go to see her little cousin, who was ill, were refused. On demanding the reason, the "catching" qualities of her cousin's malady were explained at length, but to no avail, for she drew herself up to her infinitesimal height, and slowly and scornfully lisped, "I theldom take the meathles."

CONTRIBUTED RECIPES

In August of the past year, Mrs. Albert B. Harris sent the following recipes for canning vegetables. The season was a little too late to use them then, but they come in nicely now, in answer to inquiries regarding the canning of peas, beans, etc.—Editor.

I am sending some recipes given by Mrs. S. T. Rorer, the noted cooking teacher. I have tried the beans and corn. The beans kept all right, but four cans of the corn spoiled. I noticed that the rubbers on the corn were not put on right. (That was my first experience).

This is the way I fix my boiler when canning: I had a piece of board about one inch thick, cut so it would fit in the bottom of the boiler, though not too tight. Then I had auger holes bored through the board. I put this board in the boiler, the cans on the board, and then poured on the water. My boiler is oblong for a No. 8 stove. The board is nineteen and a half inches long by nine inches wide. There are three rows of holes with nine holes in a row. The holes are one inch in diameter. I never have trouble with my fruit or vegetables any more. I always use glass cans. Tin cans are dangerous.

Here is Mrs. Rorer's advice:

All vegetables and fruits are easily put up at home if the housewife understands the real definition of surgical cleanliness. Perhaps the most important part after absolute cleanliness is to have the fruit and vegetables freshly gathered and free from decay.

Vegetables containing sugar, such as corn, peas, beets, are the most difficult to keep, while such vegetables as tomatoes, and those without starch, as asparagus, string beans, carrots and turnips, are easily kept. The jars must have solid glass or metal tops. A porcelain or glass lining leaves a space between it and the upper lid and it is almost impossible to have this space free from contamination. Use new rubbers each year. Twenty-five cents' worth of rotten rubbers will cause the loss of ten dollars' worth of fruit or vegetables.

It is dangerous to get your fruit ready for canning until you know whether or not you have jars to put it in.

Do not use preservatives, canning powders or liquids—they may be dangerous.

Canned Beans—The beans may be cut into pieces or canned whole. Wash and trim the beans, cover with boiling water, boil for 15 minutes, drain, cool and arrange in jars. Fill the jars to overflowing with cold water. If the water is not pure you had better boil and cool it before using. Lay on the tops, stand the jars in a washboiler just the same as for fruit, surround the jars half way with cold water, put on the cover of the boiler; bring the water quickly to a boiling point and boil continuously for an hour and a half. Scald the rubbers.

Lift one jar at a time, adjust the rubber and quickly screw down the lid without turning it or placing it on the table. Simply lift the lid without touching it to anything.

Fasten each jar, stand it back in the boiler and boil for ten minutes. If you like you fasten the jar at the end of the hour and cook it for half an hour longer. This recipe is for asparagus, too. Both beans and asparagus are easily kept.

Peas—Fill the jars with freshly picked young peas, and each jar with water that has been boiled and cooled. Put in the boiler the same as you did the beans, but boil continuously for two and one-half hours. I think it wise at the end of the second hour to fasten down the tops. You must be very careful with peas, as they contain sugar. This recipe will also answer for young lima beans and beets.

Corn—Cut the corn from the cob and press out the pulp; pack in jars. If you have a small, old-fashioned wood potato masher, it is just the thing. After the corn is packed in the jars, lay the lids on loosely, put in the boiler as for the other vegetables, and cook for three hours. Then scald the rubbers, adjust them, screw down the lids, stand back in the boiler and cook for thirty minutes longer. This boiling must be continuous.

A Bright Fox Terrier

There is an intelligent fox terrier in the city of Philadelphia whose name is Dream.

Dream is about eighteen months old, and she does everything but talk. One of her stanch companions is a young cat which came to the house some time ago. Dream and the cat have a great time together. They play until they are tired, when they huddle up close together and take a nap.

Dream has her greatest fun with a rubber doll, and carries it with her everywhere she goes. When a stranger comes into the house, the first thing Dream does is to hunt her doll and bring it to the visitor.

Sometimes she handles the rubber doll pretty roughly. The moment there is a hole in it Dream will have no more to do with it, and it does not take her very long to tear it into many pieces. Then she will cry until a new doll is procured.

The moment Mr. Focht, her owner, enters the home with a new doll in his pocket, Dream knows it, and she jumps up at his pocket and tries to get it. At night she refuses to go to sleep unless she has her rubber doll by her side. If it is hidden, Dream cries until the toy is given to her.

One of her greatest feats is ball playing. Standing fully sixty or seventy feet away, Mr. Focht throws a tennis ball up into the air. Dream makes a pretty stand and, running, catches it with her mouth. She seldom misses.

Dream can be sent to any part of the house to get a handkerchief, hat, slippers or shoes. The four can be placed side by side, and, if told to bring the hat she is sure to return with it. She rarely makes a mistake.

When told to cry, Dream sets up a pitiful wail. She sits up, walks on her hind legs and can dance on all fours. She learned to dance in an odd way. Frequently Mrs. Focht would take her dog out for a walk in City park. While there Dream would get tangled up in the high grass and go through all kinds of maneuvers, similar to waltzing. Her mistress would command her to dance, and instantly she would dart into the grass and dance.

Dream doesn't like herself when she is dirty. She gets a bath once a week. After taking a bath, a pretty red girdle is placed about her neck, and she is then the proudest dog in the city. When on the streets with her girdle, she takes no notice of any other dogs. When she is dirty and has her leather collar on she will run up to any dog.

She has a fondness for anything sour. She likes pickles, lemons, pepper, cabbage, and in fact eats almost anything. She drinks a quart of milk a day. Dream is known by nearly every child in the neighborhood and is very fond of children. Several girls in the vicinity frequently went to a nearby store for ice cream and brought some back in a paper for Dream. The latter is very fond of it, and nearly every day would wait at the front door for the children to pass and feed her cream.

Dream has also an ear for music. Mr. Focht is the owner of a fine graphophone. Whenever he plays a piece that is old, the dog fails to notice it; but the moment he places a new record on the machine, Dream knows it, and, jumping upon a chair, throws her head to one side and peers into the mouth of the big horn.—Our Four-footed Friends.

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TAFT WINS THE FIGHT

Injunction Plank Has Place in Declaration of Principles.

President Roosevelt and Taft Send Messages Urging Favorable Action on Plank.

Chicago, June 18.—Victory for the Taft forces on the resolutions committee came with the dawn. A platform which contains an injunction plank satisfactory to the prospective candidate is embodied in the substantial structure of workbisge upon which is to be made the secretary's appeal for popular approval. This result was attained with suddenness upon the collapse of the opposition early in the evening. Two hours before this the opponents of the injunction provision were rejecting offers of compromise and asserting with positiveness their ability to eliminate any injunction plank.

The Vote.

A telegram from President Roosevelt arrived, as well as a letter and a telegram from Taft, each urging action. An ultimatum in substance, if not in words, had been delivered shortly before to the "gallies," which was interpreted as spelling the renomination of Roosevelt should the convention refuse a platform upon which the secretary of war could make the race with confidence. Then followed protracted discussion, and the final adoption of the contested plank by vote of 35 to 16.

There were a number of minor contentions in the committee, but the Roosevelt-Taft idea prevailed in the ultimate analysis.

Thomas M. McCarter, of New Jersey, insisted on his right to take the question of injunction to the convention floor, but the prediction was made in authoritative quarters that no murmur of the preliminary fight would be heard in that gathering.

Beginning with the adjournment of the convention Tuesday, the work of the resolutions committee was practically continuous until 4:20 o'clock this morning, when the finished platform was produced. It was not until 10 o'clock last night that the scales began to tip in favor of the administration forces, but after the dissolution of the opposition began it was rapid and soon complete, leaving nothing to mark its existence but a few unrecorded speeches and a slim minority of votes.

The Injunction Plank.

The court procedure plank as adopted by the committee on resolution is as follows: "The Republican party will uphold at all times the authority and integrity of the courts, state and federal, and will ever insist that their powers to enforce their process and to protect life, liberty and property shall be preserved inviolate. We believe, however, that the rule of procedure in the federal courts with respect to the issuance of the writ of injunction should be more accurately defined by statute, and that no injunction or temporary restraining order should be issued without notice, except irreparable injury would result from delay in which case a speedy hearing thereafter should be granted."

Wade H. Ellis, of Ohio, last night surprised his hearers by quoting a telegram from President Roosevelt, and a letter and a telegram from Secretary Taft. The President in his message first called attention to a telegram sent on the previous day in support of the injunction plank, "and I hope very much," the telegram continued, "that it will be adopted." The President said he stood for the "square deal" and was not in accord with the extremest views of either the Manufacturers' association on the one hand or the trades unionists on the other.

Taft's Communication.

Secretary Taft's communication reviewed the fact that his position on this question was publicly announced two years ago—before he became a candidate. He favored a plank which would make impossible the radical use of the injunction, but would continue its conservative benefits.

KILLS HIS PERSECUTORS

Triple Tragedy Outcome of "Black Hand" Outrages.

Suspecting More Trouble, He Was Armed With Rifle.

New Orleans, June 17.—Following a series of crimes attributed to so-called "Black Hand" societies in the Italian quarter of New Orleans, one of the worst tragedies yet connected with that section took place early today, when three Italians were shot to death. According to the police, the men were killed as a result of an attempt to extort money from Pietro Gloacona, a wealthy Italian wine merchant, of 113 Chartres street.

Gloacona and his son told the police that these men had frequently bought wine from them by the barrel and had invariably refused to pay for it. According to their story, the three forced them to ship a barrel of wine to a point in Louisiana yesterday and returned early today and ordered them to prepare a meal.

The elder Gloacona suspected that trouble would ensue and hid a repeating rifle near the table. When one of the visiting Italians drew a heavy revolver and ordered them to produce money and valuables, the elder Gloacona answered with a shot from the rifle. The man he fired at fell dead and the other two attempted to escape. One was killed before he had gotten ten feet from the table. The other reached a staircase, only to receive a bullet in his brain as he started down the steps, his body falling into the courtyard.

Only one of the Italians who was killed has been identified. He is known to the police by the name of Barraca.

200 ESCAPE DEATH

Firebug Attempts to Burn Big Tenement House.

Frightened Occupants Rush Into Street While Policemen Extinguish Blaze.

New York, June 17.—The lives of 200 persons were imperiled early today by an incendiary who made a futile attempt to burn a big tenement house in Stanton street.

The stairways from the ground to the roof had been saturated with kerosene and the torch had been applied on the lower floor, but one of the tenants returning home late saw the blaze and sent an alarm through the house.

Two hundred men, women and children tumbled hurriedly out of their beds and rushed to the street in scant attire, while a policeman and several helpers checked the incipient blaze with buckets of water.

The fire was extinguished before much damage had been done and within a few minutes the frightened tenants were back in their apartments. Today's attempt to burn the house was the second within two months.

BANKER KILLS HIMSELF

Suicide Occurs as Officers Attack Home Door.

Aberdeen, O., June 18.—D. H. Fawcett, president of the Aberdeen Banking company, shot himself in the head today, dying almost instantly.

The suicide occurred as officers, carrying a warrant, charging Fawcett with misappropriating funds of the bank, were breaking down the doors of his barricaded home to place him under arrest. The warrant and the tragedy followed the appointment yesterday of W. A. List as receiver of the Aberdeen Banking company, which closed its doors several days ago.

Fawcett organized the bank as a private concern two years ago, with a capitalization of $40,000. Deposits were large. Fawcett came to Aberdeen from Webster, Va., wher a son is in the banking business. He was 52 years of age and leaves a widow, son and two daughters.

BUNKER HILL CELEBRATION.

Boston, June 18.—The observance of the 133d anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill in Boston and surrounding cities and towns today was confined almost entirely to sporting events, but few patriotic exercises being on the day's program. The district battle was fought, was the center of Charlestown, where the historic battle was fought, was the center of the day's celebrations, but even here the observance was on a much smaller scale than that of past years.

MARRIAGE BANNS POSTED

Wedding of Madame Gould and Prince Announced.

Paris, June 20.—The marriage banns of Madame Anna Gould, formerly the Countess de Castellane, and Prince Helie de Sagan, a cousin of Madame Gould's first husband, were posted this morning. Neither Madame Gould nor the Prince de Sagan appeared personally in the mayor's offices, friends in each case acting for them.

The document gives the age of Mme. Gould as 33 and Prince de Sagan as 49. Although the marriage will not occur in France, the French law requires that the banns be published in the place of domicile. The exact place and the date of the wedding have not yet been disclosed, but it will be celebrated within a fortnight and very quietly, only a few friends and relatives, including George J. Gould, being present. The religious ceremony will be according to the Protestant rite. Prince Helie has not renounced his Catholic faith.

Count Boni de Castellane has not yet made any legal move, and Mme. Gould's lawyers do not think he will act until after the marriage. They are confident his efforts to secure possession of his children will be futile.

TWO WARSHIPS ON ROCKS

Vessels of the French Navy in Accidents.

Algiers, June 20.—The French torpedo boat No. 191 has been wrecked on the coast during a storm. She was thrown upon the rocks near Sizifernich. The destroyer Pique went to her assistance and the crew was rescued. The rescue was a heroic one and in effecting it one of the destroyer's sailors was drowned.

French Warship Stranded.

Brest, France, June 20.—The French torpedo boat destroyer Sagaie stranded yesterday on the rocks off Molene Island during the maneuvers but was floated later and towed into port.

The Nominee for Vice President

James S. Sherman, whose home is in Utica, N. Y., has been in public life almost continuously since he was admitted to practice law in 1880. Four years after that he was elected mayor of Utica, and from then on his prominence in Republican politics of the Empire state continually increased.

Mr. Sherman is a native of Utica, having been born in that city October 24, 1855. He received an academic education at home, and then attended Hamilton college, from which he graduated in the class of 1878. The next two years he spent in preparing for the practice of law.

Twice Mr. Sherman has been chairman of the New York state Republican convention, in 1895 and in 1900, and he was a delegate to the national Republican convention in 1892. He came into special prominence in the congressional campaign of 1906, when he was chosen chairman of the national Republican congressional committee.

After serving as mayor of Utica Mr. Sherman rapidly forced ahead as a power in politics in New York state. Twenty years ago he was elected to represent his district in congress, and, with the exception of one term, the fifty-second congress, he has served continuously ever since.

REPUBLICANS' PLATFORM

Declares for Special Session of Congress to Revise Tariff.

Says Differences Between Republicanism and Democracy More Marked Than Ever.

Chicago, June 18.—The platform, as prepared by the comittee on resolutions, was this morning submitted to the Republican national convention by Chairman Hopkins, of the committee.

The platform declares unequivocally for a revision of the tariff by a special session of congress immediately following the inauguration of the next President, and promises that the same policy of protection to labor will be carried out.

It declares that the differences between the Republican and Democratic parties are more marked than ever; that the trend of Democracy is toward Socialism, while the Republican party stands for a wise and well-regulated individualism.

Ripple of Applause.

The opening phrase of the anti-injunction plank caused a ripple of applause when read, but that portion referring to changing the procedure of courts so as to more liberally interpret them respecting injunction, brought some cries of "No! no!"

The first interruption of the reading of the platform was at the mention of the President's name, when a cheer and some applause occurred.

The full text of the platform is as follows:

Once more the Republican party, in national convention assembled, submits its case to the people. This great historic organization that destroyed slavery, preserved the union, restored credit, expanded the national domain, and established a sound financial system, developed the industries and resources of the country and gave to the nation her seat of honor in the councils of the world, now meets the new problems of government with the same courage and capacity with which it solved the old.

Republicanism Under Roosevelt.

In this, the era of American advancement the Republican party has reached its highest service under the leadership of Theodore Roosevelt. His administration is an epoch in American history. In no other period since national sovereignty was won under Washington or preserved under Lincoln has there been such mighty progress in those ideals of government which make for justice, equality and fair dealing among men. The highest aspirations of the American people have found a voice, their most exalted servant represents the best aims and worthiest purposes of all his countrymen. American manhood has been lifted to a nobler sense of duty and obligation. Conscience and courage in public station and higher standards of right and honor in private life have become cardinal principles of political faith; capital and labor have been brought into closer relations of confidence and interdependence; and the abuse of wealth, the tyranny of power and all the evils of privilege and favoritism have been put to scorn by the simple, manly virtues of justice and fair play.

The great accomplishments of President Roosevelt have been, first and foremost, a brave and impartial enforcement of the law, the prosecution of illegal trusts and monopolies; the exposure and punishment of evildoers in the public service; the more effective regulation of the rates and service of the great transportation lines; the complete overthrow of preferences, rebates and unjust discriminations; the arbitration of labor disputes, the amelioration of the condition of wage workers everywhere; the conservation of the national resources of the country; the forward step in the improvement of the inland waterways; and always the earnest support and defense of every wholesome safeguard which has made more secure the guaranties of life, liberty and property.

These are the achievements that will make for Theodore Roosevelt his place in history, far more than all else the great things he has done will be an inspiration to those who have yet greater things to do. We declare our unfaltering adherence to the policies thus inaugurated, and pledge their continuance under a Republican administration of the government.

Equality of Opportunity.

Under the guidance of Republican principles the American people have become the richest nation in the world. Our wealth today exceeds that of England and all her colonies, and that of France and Germany combined. When the Republican party was born the total wealth of the country was $16,000,000,000. It has leaped to $110,000,000,000 in a generation, while Great Britain has gathered but $60,000,000,00 in 500 years. The United States now owns one-fourth of the world's wealth and makes one-third of all world's manufactured products. In the great necessities of civilization, such as coal, the motive power of all activity; iron, the chief basis of all industry; cotton, the staple foundation of all fabrics; wheat, corn and all the agricultural products that feed mankind, America's supremacy is undisputed. And yet her great natural wealth has been scarcely touched. We have a vast domain of 3,000,000 square miles, literally bursting with latent treasure, still waiting the magic of capital and industry to be converted to the practical uses of mankind; a country rich in soil and climate, in the unharnessed energy of its rivers and in all the varied products of the field, the forest and the factory. With gratitude for God's bounty, with pride in the splendid productiveness of the past and with confidence in the plenty and prosperity of the future, the Republican party declares for the principle that in the development and enjoyment of wealth so great and blessings so benign there shall be equal opportunity for all.

The Revival of Business.

Nothing so clearly demonstrates the sound basis upon which our commercial industrial and agricultural prosperity is founded and the necessity of promoting their continued welfare through the operation of Republican policies as the recent safe passage of the American people through a financial disturbance which, if appearing in the midst of Democratic rule or the menace of it, might have equaled the familiar Democratic panics of the past. We congratulate the people upon this renewed evidence of American supremacy and hail with confidence the signs now manifest of a complete restoration of business prosperity in all lines of trade, commerce and manufacturing.

Recent Republican Legislation.

Since the election of William McKinley, in 1896, the people of this country have felt the wisdom of entrusting to the Republican party, through decisive majorities, the control and direction of national legislation.

The many wise and progressive measures adopted at recent sessions of congress have demonstrated the patriotic resolve of Republican leadership in the legislative department to keep step in the forward march toward better government.

Notwithstanding the indefensible filibustering of a Democratic minority in the house of representatives during the last session, many wholesome and progressive laws were enacted, and we especially commend the passage of the emergency currency bill; the appointment of the national monetary commission; the employers' and government liability laws; the measures for the greater efficiency of the army and navy; the widows' pension bill; the child labor law for the District of Columbia; the new statutes for the safety of railroad engineers and firemen, and many other acts conserving the public welfare.

Republican Pledges for the Future.

Tariff.

The Republican party declares unequivocally for a revision of the tariff by a special session of congress immediately following the inauguration of the next President, and commends the steps already taken to this end in the work assigned to the appropriate committees of congress which are now investigating the operation and effect of existing schedules. In all tariff legislation the true principle of protection is best maintained by the imposition of such duties as will equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, together with a reasonable profit to American industries. We favor the establishment of maximum and minimum rates to be administered by the President under limitations fixed in the law, the maximum to be available to meet discriminations by foreign countries against American goods entering their markets, and the minimum to represent the normal measure of protection at home; the aim and purpose of the Republican policy being not only to preserve, without excessive duties, that security against foreign competition to which American manufacturers, farmers and producers are entitled, but also to maintain the high standard of living of the wage earners of this country, who are the most direct beneficiaries of the protective system. Between the United States and the Philippines we believe in a free interchange of products with such limitations as to sugar and tobacco as will afford adequate protection to domestic interests.

Currency.

We approve the emergency measures adopted by the government during the recent financial disturbance, and especially commend the passage by congress at the last session of the law designed to protect the country from a repetition of such stringency. The Republican party is committed to the development of a permanent currency system, responding to our greater needs, and the appointment of the national monetary commission by the present congress, which will impartially investigate all proposed methods, insures the early realization of this purpose. The present currency laws have fully justified their adoption, but an expanding commerce, a marvelous growth in wealth and population, multiplying the centers of distribution, increasing the demand for the movement of crops in the west and south and entailing periodic changes in monetary conditions, disclose the need of a more elastic and adaptable system. Such a system must meet the requirement of agriculturalists, merchants and business men generally, must be automatic in operation, minimizing the fluctuations in interest rates, and above all, must be in harmony with that Republican doctrine which insists that every dollar shall be based upon, and as good as gold.

Postal Savings.

We favor the establishment of a postal savings bank system for the convenience of the people and the encouragement of thrift.

Trusts.

The Republican party passed the Sherman anti-trust law over Democratic opposition, and enforced it after Democratic dereliction. It has been a wholesome instrument for good in the hands of a wise and fearless administration, but experience has shown that its effectiveness can be strengthened and its real objects better attained by such amendments as will give to the federal government greater supervision and control over, and secure greater publicity in, the management of that class of corporations engaged in interstate commerce having power and opportunity to effect monopolis.

Railroads.

We approve the enactment of the railroad rate law and the vigorous enforcement by the present administration of the statutes against rebates and discriminations, as a result of which the advantages formerly possessed by the large shipper over the small shipper have substantially disappeared and in this connection we commend the appropriation by the present congress to enable the interstate commerce commission to thoroughly investigate and give publicity to the accounts of interstate railroads. We believe, however, that the interstate commerce law should be further amended so as to give railroads the right to make and publish traffic agreements subject to the approval of the commission, but maintaining always the principle of competition between naturally competing lines and avoiding the common control of such lines by any method whatsoever. We favor such national legislation and supervision as will prevent the future overissue of stocks and bonds by interstate carriers.

Railroad and Government Employes.

The enactment in constitutional form at the present session of congress of the employers' liability law; the passage and enforcement of the safety appliance statutes, as well as the additional protection secured for engineers and firemen; the reduction in the hours of labor of trainmen and railroad telegraphers; the successful exercise of the powers of mediation and arbitration between interstate railroads and their employes, and the law making a beginning in the policy of compensation for injured employes of the government, are among the most commendable accomplishments of the present administration. But there is further work in this direction yet to be done, and the Republican party pledges its continued devotion to every cause that makes for the safety and the betterment of conditions among those whose labor contributes so much to the progress and welfare of the country.

Wage Earners Generally.

The same wise policy which has induced the Republican party to maintain protection to American labor; to establish an eight-hour day in the construction of public works, to increase the list of employes who shall have preferred claims for wages under the bankruptcy laws; to adopt a child labor statute for the District of Columbia; to direct an investigation into the condition of working women and children, and later, of employes of telephone and telegraph companies engaged in interstate business; to appropriate $150,000 at the recent session of congress in order to secure a thorough inquiry into the causes of and remedies for the loss of life in the mines; and to amend and strengthen the law prohibiting the importation of contract labor, will be pursued in every legitimate direction within federal authority to lighten the burdens and increase the opportunity for happiness and advancement of all who toil. The Republican party recognizes the special needs of wageworkers generally, for their well-being means the well-being of all. But more important than all other considerations is that a good citizenship and we especially stand for the needs of every American, whatever his occupation, in his capacity as a self-respecting citizen.

Court Procedure.

The Republican party will uphold at all times the authority and integrity of the courts, state and federal, and will ever insist that their powers to enforce their process and to protect life, liberty and property shall be preserved inviolate. We believe, however, that the rules of procedure in the federal courts with respect to the issuance of the writ of injunction should be more accurately defined by statute, and that no injunction or temporary restraining order should be issued without notice, except where irreparable injury would result from delay, in which case a speedy hearing thereafter should be granted.

The American Farmer.

Among those whose welfare is as vital to the welfare of the whole country as is that of the wage earner, is the American farmer. The prosperity of the country rests peculiarly upon the prosperity of agriculture. The Republican party during the last twelve years has accomplished extraordinary work in bringing the resources of the national government to the aid of the farmer, not only in advancing agriculture itself, but in increasing the conveniences of rural life. Free rural mail delivery has been established; it now reaches millions of our citizens, and we favor its extension until every community in the land receives the full benefits of the postal service. We recognize the social and economic advantages of good country roads, maintained more and more largely at public expense, and less and less at the expense of the abutting owner. In this work we commend the growing practice of state aid, and we approve the efforts of the national agricultural department by experiments and otherwise to make clear to the public the best methods of road construction.

Right of the Negro.

The Republican party has been for more than 50 years the consistent friend of the American negro. It gave him freedom and citizenship. It wrote into the organic law the declarations that proclaimed his civil and political rights and believes today that his noteworthy progress in intelligence, industry and good citizenship has earned the respect and encouragement of the nation. We demand equal justice for all men, without regard to race or color; we declare once more that no reservation, for the enforcement in letter and spirit of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the constitution which were designed for the protection and advancement of the negro, and we condemn all devices that have for their real aim his disfranchisement for reasons of color alone, as unfair, un-American and repugnant to the supreme law of the land.

Natural Resources and Waterways.

We endorse the movement inaugurated by the administration for the conservation of natural resources; we approve all measures to prevent the waste of timber; we commend the work now going on for the reclamation of arid lands, and reaffirm the Republican policy of the free distribution of the available areas of the public domain to the landless settler. No obligation of the future is more insistent and none will result in greater blessings to posterity. In line with this splendid undertaking is the further duty, equally imperative, to enter upon a systematic improvement upon a large and comprehensive plan, just to all portions of the country, of the waterways, harbors, and great lakes, whose natural adaptability to the increasing traffic of the land is one of the greatest gifts of a benign providence.

The Army and Navy.

The sixtieth congress passed many commendable acts increasing the efficiency of the army and navy; making the militia of the states an integral part of the national establishment; authorizing joint maneuvers of army and militia; fortifying new naval bases and completing the construction of coaling stations; instituting a female nurse corps for naval hospitals and ships, and adding two new battleships, ten torpedo boat destroyers, three steam colliers, and eight submarines to the strength of the navy. Although at peace with all the world, and secure in the consciousness that the American people do not desire and will not provoke a war with any other country, we nevertheless declare our unalterable devotion to a policy that will keep this republic ready at all times to defend her traditional doctrines and assure her appropriate part in promoting permanent tranquility among the nations.

Protection of American Citizens Abroad.

We commend the vigorous efforts made by the administration to protect American citizens in foreign lands and pledge ourselves to insist upon the just and equal protection of all our citizens abroad. It is the unquestioned duty of the government to protect, for all our citizens without distinction the rights of travel and sojourn in friendly countries and we declare ourselves in favor of all proper efforts tending to that end.

Extension of Foreign Commerce.

Under the administration of the Republican party the foreign commerce of the United States has experienced a remarkable growth until it has a present annual valuation of approximately three billions of dollars and gives employment to a vast amount of labor and capital which would otherwise be idle. It has inaugurated, through the recent visit of the secretary of state to South America and Mexico, a new era of Pan-American commerce and comity which is bringing us into closer touch with our twenty sister American republics, having a common historical heritage, a republican form of government, and offering us a limitless field of legitimate commercial expansion.

Arbitration and the Hague Treaties.

The conspicuous contributions of American statesmanship to the great cause of international peace, so signally advanced in The Hague conferences, are an occasion for just pride and gratification. At the last session of the senate of the United States eleven Hague conventions were ratified, establishing the rights of neutrals, laws of war on land, restriction of submarine mines, limiting the use of force for the collection of contractual debts, governing the collection of contractual debts, governing the opening of hostilities, extending the application of Geneva principles and, in many ways, lessening the evils of war and promoting the peaceful settlement of international controversies. At the same session twelve arbitration conventions with great nations were confirmed and extradition, boundary and neutralization treaties of supreme importance were ratified. We endorse such achievements as the highest duty a people can perform and proclaim the obligation of further strengthening the bonds of friendship and good will with all the nations of the world.

Merchant Marine.

We adhere to the Republican doctrine of encouragement to American shipping and urge such legislation as will revive the merchant marine prestige of the country, so essential to national defense, the enlargement of foreign trade and the industrial prosperity of our own people.

Veterans of the Wars.

Another Republican policy which must be ever maintained is that of generous provision for those who have fought the country's battles and for widows and orphans of those who have fallen. We commend the increase in the widows' pensions made by the present congress and declare in favor of liberal administration of all pension laws to the end that the people's gratitude may grow deeper in the memories of heroic sacrifice grow more sacred with the passing years.

Civil Service.

We affirm our former declarations that the civil service laws enacted, extended and enforced by the Republican party shall continue to be maintained and obeyed.

We commend the efforts designed to secure greater efficiency in public health agencies and favor such legislation as will effect this purpose.

In the interest of the great mineral industries of our country we earnestly favor the establishment of a bureau of mines and mining.

The American government, in Republican hands, has freed Cuba, given peace and protection to Porto Rico and the Philippines under our flag and begun the construction of the Panama canal. The present conditions in Cuba vindicate the wisdom of maintaining, between that republic and this, imperishable bonds of mutual interest, and the hope is now expressed that the Cuban people will soon again be ready to assume complete sovereignty over their land.

In Porto Rico, the government of the United States is meeting loyal and patriotic support; order and prosperity prevail, and public well-being is promoted in every respect promoted and conserved.

We believe that the native inhabitants of Porto Rico should be at once colectively made citizens of the United States, and that all others properly qualified under existing laws residing in said island should have the privilege of becoming naturalized.

In the Philippines insurrection has been suppressed, laws established and life and property made secure. Education and practical experience are there advancing the capacity of the people for self-government and the policies of McKinley and Roosevelt are leading the inhabitants step by step to an ever increasing measure of home rule.

Time has justified the selection of the Panama route for the great isthmian canal, and even this has shown the wisdom of securing authority over the zone through which it is to be built. The work is now progressing with a rapidity far beyond expectation, and already the realization of the hopes of centuries has come within the vision of the near future.

We favor the immediate admission of the territories of New Mexico and Arizona as separate states in the union.

Centenary of the Birth of Lincoln.

February 12, 1909, will be the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, an immortal spirit whose fame has brightened with the receding years and whose name stands among the first of those given to the world by the great republic. We recommend that this centennial anniversary be celebrated throughout the confines of the nation by all the people thereof; and especially by the public schools, as an exercise to stir the patriotism of the youth of the land.

We call the attention of the American people to the fact that none of the great measures here advocated by the Republican party could be enacted, and none of the steps forward here proposed could be taken under Democratic administration are under one with responsibility is divided. The continuance of present policies, therefore, absolutely requires the continuance in power of that party which believes in them and which possesses the capacity to put them into operation.

Fundamental Differences.

Beyond all platform declarations there ar fundamental differences between Democracy and Republicanism are chief opponent which make the one worthy and the other unworthy of public trust. In history differences between that the one stood for debased currency, the other for honest currency; the one for free silver, the other for sound money; the one for free trade, the other for protection; the one for the contraction of American influence, the other for its expansion; the one has been forced to abandon every position taken on the great issues before the people, the other has held and vindicated all.

In experience, the difference between Democracy and Republicanism is that one means adversity, while the other means prosperity; one means low wages, the other means high; one means doubt and debt, the other means confidence and thrift.

In principle the difference between Democracy and Republicanism is that one stands for vacillation and timidity in government, the other for strength and purpose; one stands for obstruction, the other for construction; one promises, the other performs; one finds fault, the other finds work.

The present tendencies of the two parties are even more marked by inherent differences. The trend of Democracy is toward socialism, while the Republican party stands for a wise and regulated individualism. Socialism would destroy wealth. Republicanism would prevent its abuse. Socialism would give to each an equal right to take; Republicanism would give to each an equal right to earn. Socialism would offer an equality of possession which would soon leave no one anything to possess; Republicanism would give equality of opportunity which would assure to each his share of a constantly increasing sum of possessions. In line with this tendency, the Democratic party of today believes in government ownership, while the Republican party believes in government regulation. Ultimately Democracy would have the nation own the people, while Republicanism would have the people own the nation.

Reaffirm Adherence.

Upon this platform of principles and purposes, reaffirming our adherence to every Republican doctrine proclaimed since the birth of the party, we go before the country, asking the support not only of those who have acted with us heretofore, but of all our fellow-citizens, who, regardless of past political differences, unite in the desire to maintain the policies, perpetuate the blessings and make secure the achievements of a greater America.

MANY HURT WHEN TENT BLOWS DOWN

Terrific Wind and Hail Storm Ruins Crops in Wide Territory in Wisconsin.

Prairie du Chien, Wis., June 22.—A terrific rain, hail and wind storm late Saturday night, lasting 40 minutes, literally ruined crops in a wide territory, unroofed buildings, demolished trees and put the city light plant out of commission.

Hail four inches deep was piled up on the walks, and trees two feet in diameter were twisted off. Washouts on the railroad are numerous and indications are that the storm covered a swath from Cassville to Lynxville, 45 miles wide, and worked from the west to east.

La Crosse reports that a terrific wind and hail storm swept from Winona down the Mississippi to Dubuque last night.

Two big tents in which the Chautauqua is being held at the La Crosse Interstate fair grounds was blown down, burying 1,500 persons underneath. None, however, was seriously injured, although many were painfully bruised.

Captain R. P. Hobson was the principal speaker at the Chautauqua, but he had left before the storm broke.

Find Gold in Excavating for New School Building

New York, June 18.—Dr. Thomas B. Stillman, professor of engineering chemistry in Stevens' Institute of Technology, at Hoboken, has discovered valuable gold dirt in the earth taken out of the excavation made for an annex to the Stevens prepartory school.

"If this were farm-land all around here, worth from $20 to $60 an acre," said Dr. Stillman yesterday afternoon, "we might go right in for Hoboken gold. But it wouldn't be good business to disturb the gold already on top of the ground, which is the institute, you see, for the possible gold underneath. Besides, the vein is very thin."

The excavating work is right by Dr. Stillman's front grass plot, and the other day he was watching the Italians throwing up the dirt. Dr. Stillman for a long time did assaying work in California, and he noticed that some of the dirt that was coming out of the hole resembled very closely the honeycombed quartz which he used to work over.

Out of curiosity he gave some of the most likely pieces to his son, Albert Leeds Stillman, a student in the Columbia school of mines, who had them assayed and found that the specimens would pay $8.50 worth of gold to the ton.

MEET AT TAFT'S HOME

Sherman Congratulates Head of Republican Ticket.

Big War Secretary Opens Conference—Brown Fighting for Vorys.

Cincinnati, O., June 20.—It was a joyous home coming for Secretary Taft. On arriving in his native city at 8:10 o'clock this morning he was greeted at the central railway station by thousands of his long-time friends and neighbors. The station was thronged with admirers of the Republican standard bearer who gave him an enthusiastic reception.

One of the first to grasp the big war secretary's hand as he stepped from the Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern train was his brother, Charles P. Taft, who had arrived a few minutes before from Chicago. The greeting of the brothers, who are devoted to each other, was affectionately cordial. As they clasped right hands Charles Taft threw his left arm over the secretary's shoulder and gave him a loving embrace. Both were laughing as heartily as though they were boys again.

An instant later the beaming face of James S. Sherman, of New York, the nominee for vice president, appeared in the throng.

"Hello, Sherman," shouted Secretary Taft, extending his hand cordially to his running mate. "I'm mighty glad to see you. You don't look as if you had passed through the siege of a nominating convention."

"I never felt better," responded Mr. Sherman. "We had a great convention, and I take this opportunity to say to you that the result, so far as you are concerned, was equally great. I want personally to join with the country in renewing my congratulations."

Parade for the Candidates.

Together, behind a throng of citizens, members of the Blaine and Stamina Republican clubs, each carrying a blue pennant bearing a handsome likeness of the war secretary, the two candidates, arm in arm, walked to the entrance of the station, where they were received by a committee of the chamber of commerce, headed by Captain Thomas P. Egan, president of the chamber. J. G. Schmidtapp, a member of the committee, had joined the secretary on his train about ten miles from the city.

The general committee of welcome on behalf of the citizens of Cincinnati was headed by Colonel Leopold Markbreit, mayor of the city.

An informal parade was formed on Central avenue and led by a band it proceeded up the avenue to Fourth street and thence directly to the residence of Charles P. Taft on Pike street. In the first carriage were Secretary Taft, Representative Sherman, Charles P. Taft, and Myron T. Herrick, of Cleveland, former governor of Ohio.

Cheered by the Big Crowd.

The sidewalks were banked with people, and the windows of business houses along the route were filled with men and women waving flags and pennants. The streets were fairly ablaze of blue and old glory.

About the Taft residence a great crowd had assembled and the secretary and Mr. Sherman were cheered heartily as they alighted from their carriage. Both bowed their acknowledgements, the war secretary taking the opportunity to shake hands with several of his old friends.

Mrs. Charles P. Taft was the first to welcome the secretary to her home. He already had inquired affectionately as to her health.

The trip from Washington was not an eventful one, although at several places along the line crowds had assembled at the stations to get a glimpse of the Republican candidate.

The First Child Mascot.

A pretty incident occurred at Piedmont, W. Va., last night, just before the secretary retired. W. E. Bowen boarded the train, while it stood a few minutes at the station. He was accompanied by his little son, a beautiful child of four years.

"You are a fine little man," declared Mr. Taft, patting the youngster on the head. He picked up the little lad in his big arms and tossing him into the air affectionately inquired, "won't you give me a kiss?"

The child laughed and nodded his curly head vigorously. Mr. Taft kissed him and then sat him down in a seat beside him.

"You have been kissed by the next President of the United States," remarked Mr. Bowen proudly to the child. The little fellow looked up into the eyes of the war secretary and laughing joyously nestled again into his arms.

At all of the stations in the early morning crowds had gathered but Secretary Taft remained in his drawing room, invisible. He was very much fatigued from his work of the last few days and did not emerge from his state room until the train was within the limits of Cincinnati.

Arrival of Sherman.

Prior to the arrival of the train from Washington the regular Big Four night train from Chicago pulled into the depot with the candidate for vice president, James S. Sherman, of New York, the sub-committee to confer with Mr. Taft, and the family of Chas. P. Taft, one of the proudest members of the latter party being Robert Taft, the collegian son of the secretary, who had witnessed the nomination of his father at Chicago. The crowd set up a hearty cheer when the train arrived, and repeated it again and again as they caught sight of Mr. Sherman, who was recognized from the published pictures, being a stranger personally to the crowd. The sub-committee was headed by the veteran, Powell Clayton, of Arkansas, and included former Governor Myron T. Herrick, of Ohio; Frank B. Kellogg, of Minnesota; Charles Nagle, of Missouri; E. E. Hart, of Iowa; Senator W. E. Borah, of Idaho; E. C. Duncan, of North Carolina, and Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois.

A large number of Ohio and Kentucky delegates and visitors to the national convention were also on the Chicago train, and nearly all awaited the arrival of the train from Washington.

The Queen & Crescent train pulled out just before the arrival of the secretary, and the Kentuckians missed the welcome in the depot, but shouted their greetings as the trains passed in the railroad yards. With the exception of Representative Sherman, former Governor Herrick, Charles P. Taft and Robert Taft, who drove directly to the Taft residence, the Chicago party went to the hotel Sinton, which has been selected as headquarters for Secretary Taft during the approaching campaign.

The Conference Opens.

Secretary Taft began his conference with the national committee's sub committee at the residence of Charles P. Taft at 11 o'clock. It was to determine who was to be the national chairman of the Republican party in the campaign. It was evident from the tenor of the early morning discussions among members of the subcommittee that they were nearly equally divided on the question. Both Frank H. Hitchcock, who managed the secretary's preliminary campaign from Washington, and Arthur Vorys, the Ohio manager, had staunch adherents, but this morning a sentiment developed among those interested in the approaching contest in favor of the selection of some man who had not been directly connected with the preliminary campaign. It was pretty certain, however, that the committee would accept the judgment of Secretary Taft, and it was expected that he would express such a choice, although he had given no public intimation as to whom his choice would fall upon. He remarked last night that he had an open mind on the question and would indicate no selection until he had discussed the situation thoroughly with his friends on the committee.

Brown Fighting for Vorys.

The fight between adherents of Vorys and Hitchcock was still going on in Chicago when the delegates scattered to their homes. Walter Brown and Walter D. Guilbert, the real Ohio organization captains, had a part in the prompt repudiation by both Charles and Henry Taft of statement that Hitchcock was to be the man. Both Brown and Guilbert yelled "Murder." Pleading that the naming of Hitchcock would cause serious trouble in the Ohio organization ranks they stirred the Taft brothers to action. Taunts used by the Foraker lieutenants came in handy. Charles Kurtz in particular had been saying that Secretary Taft's memory was short and that he was quick to forget his friends. This was employed in the demands of Brown and Guilbert that some other man than Hitchcock be named if Vorys could not get the place.

HURRICANE IN DETROIT

Wrecked Houses and Leveled Trees in the Parks.

Detroit, Mich., June 20.—Tearing along through the city at a greater speed than the devil-may-care buzz wagons, and with a million times more force, a hurricane laid out a ribbon-like path of destruction from west to east at 4:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

For the space of just one minute the wind attained a velocity of 60 miles an hour, and for five minutes it maintained a speed of 52 miles an hour, the wind accompanied by thunder and lightning and driving sheets of rain.

Incomplete buildings were laid low, the walls of houses were blown in; thick plate glass windows were crunched like eggshells; giant trees were leveled as though they had been stalks of corn, and with them came telephone and electric feed wires, interfering with the telephone service and stalling cars everywhere.

Up on the roof of the Ford building, so high that the elements in that altitude are not accustomed to interference, a lone man battled for his life with the wind that threatened to sweep him down into the canyon of Griswold street. A motorman narrowly missed death by a monster tree that grazed the vestibule of his car as it fell. People on ferry boats clung to railings and any solid part of the ship, and saw hats and chairs sail away in company.

A piece of roof, 40 feet square, lifted from a storage building, sailed 200 feet through the air, across an alley and dropped on the front porch of the storage company manager's house, crushing in the roof of the house.

Cass park was made to look like a huge brush heap, and streets through the entire length of the city west to east for a space of eight or ten bloc

SHERMAN IN 2ND PLACE

Taft Followers Offered No Opposition to His Candidacy.

As Soon as Sherman Is Named Gathering Adjourns—Burrows Leads Committee.

Chicago, June 19.—With Congressman James S. Sherman, of New York, chosen as vice presidential candidate and running mate of Secretary Taft, the Republican national convention of 1908 passed into history today.

The final session lasted less than two hours, adjournment without day being taken at 11:47 a. m. The committees to notify the candidates were officially promulgated, Senator William Warner, of Missouri, past commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, being

JAMES S. SHERMAN,
New York Congressman and Nominee for Vice President.

selected to head the delegation that will call upon Secretary Taft, and Senator J. C. Burrows, of Michigan, being placed at the head of the committee to notify Mr. Sherman.

Before the convention assembled this morning it was practically certain that the vice presidency would go to Mr. Sherman. A large number of states had indorsed his candidacy in caucus, and it spread like wildfire. The New York delegation solidly stood back of Mr. Sherman, and when the voting began there was a rush of delegates to fall into line, victory being assured to the New York representative long before the roll had been half completed.

Guild Nominated.

Governor Curtis Guild, of Massachusetts; former Governor Franklin Murphy, of New Jersey, and Mr. Sherman were the only candidates for the vice presidency formally placed in nomination. There were scattering votes, however, for Vice President Fairbanks and Governor Sheldon, of Nebraska, from two of the state delegations.

Mr. Sherman's victory was an overwhelming one, 816 votes being the total before his nomination was made unanimous.

Delegates and visitors to the convention are rapidly leaving for their homes.

J. A. Martin was appointed the Ohio member of the notification committee.

The exhaustive work of yesterday's session in the Republican national convention, the promise of another day of sweltering heat, and the fact that the great event on the program had transpired all combined to cause a scanty arrival of the delegations today.

The effect was even more marked in the number of spectators. When the convention was called to order there was not present a twentieth part of those who witnessed the opening of the day before. The crowd outside the Coliseum was far smaller too, and altogether the general interest in the convention was at low tide compared with the excitement of yesterday.

Cannon Arrives Early.

Among the early arrivals in the convention hall was Speaker Cannon who entered quietly and unobserved. He came down the aisle until he reached the seats of the North Carolina delegation where he was met by Myron T. Herrick, of Ohio, with whom he held a brief conversation. He was noticed by the delegates for the first time as he stood with Mr. Herrick, and an eager round of applause went through the convention hall.

As the delegates began to arrive in strong force at the convention hall, the word that the vice presidential nominee was to be James S. Sherman, of New York, commenced to filter through. The report steadily strengthened and in a few minutes the "grapevine telegraph" was carrying around the hall the statement that an agreement had been reached on the much discussed question.

J. Sloat Fassett, of New York, confirmed, on his arrival, the report that it was to be Sherman, and he asked Chairman Lodge to delay calling the convention to order until two brass bands which had been hired by the New York delegation, could arrive. The chairman agreed to this, saying: "I know there is nothing to it but Sherman."

It was 10:18 o'clock this morning when the gavel of Chairman Lodge began to pound for order.

Scores of Empty Seats.

There were scores of empty seats on the floor and in the balconies as Rabbi Schoenfhaben, of Chicago, made the opening prayer. The ever-increasing crash of a marching band outside threatened to drown the invocation for a time, but the music was stilled before the rabbi had proceeded very far.

Chairman Lodge, at the conclusion of the prayer, stated that he desired to make a formal announcement which had been overlooked in the rush of the closing hours of yesterday.

"It is my pleasure to announce to you that you have nominated for the presidency for the term beginning March 4 next, the Hon. William Howard Taft, of Ohio."

The announcement was greeted with cheering, which was soon interrupted, however, by a delegate from Michigan who offered a motion providing that all nominating and seconding speeches for vice presidential candidates be limited to 10 minutes. This was carried with a roar, and the delegates broke into a cheer as the first notes of Marching Through Georgia were heard from an approaching band outside the building.

Sherman Demonstration.

The New Yorkers, realizing that this was the Sherman demonstration which they had arranged, broke into cheers and attempted to break into song, but the result of this last effort was not exactly all that could be desired in point of melody, although it abounded in energy.

A huge picture of Sherman was carried aloft and was greeted with tumultuous cheers.

When the Sherman paraders had finished their march it was announced that there would be a meeting of the national committee immediately after adjournment. The motion to limit the nominating speeches, the chairman announced, had been unanimously carried.

The call of the roll for nominations then was in order, and there was no response until Delaware was reached, when Senator Du Pont rose and declared, "Delaware yields to New York."

This was the beginning of the Sherman wave, and there was an outburst of cheering, led by the New York delegation.

Timothy Woodruff had been chosen to make the Sherman nominating speech and was met with another vociferous outburst from New York as he was introduced to the convention by Senator Lodge.

Ovation for Cannon.

Mr. Woodruff concluded and Speaker Cannon arose to make his way to the platform to second the nomination.

Mr. Cannon was given what was really one of the most enthusiastic receptions accorded to any man during the convention. He repeatedly waved his hand to the convention, motioning them to resume their seats, but it was several minutes before he was able to commence his speech.

Mr. Cannon then declared the platform adopted by the convention was true to the hopes, the aspirations and principles of the country. Next he paid a tribute to Secretary Taft as the nominee of the party, saying of him that he was a broad-cultured, judicial-minded executive who had answered every draft made upon him with unfaltering zeal and fidelity to the public service.

He then entered upon an earnest eulogism upon Mr. Sherman, sketching his services to the country as a whole, and describing him as a man eminently qualified to act as vice president.

Predicts Triumph.

The closing of his address was eminently characteristic of Speaker Cannon. He predicted a glorious triumph for Taft and Sherman, and then waving both arms at the delegates he snapped out "Good bye," and strode to the rear followed by a roar of laughter and applause.

Governor Wilson, of Kentucky, was recognized in his place on the floor.

"On behalf of Kentucky," he said, "I want to second the nomination of Mr. Sherman. He sounds good to us. With him on the ticket we are bound to win. The knocking is all over now, and we are solid and united."

Chairman Lodge, as Governor Wilson sat down said:

"The clerk will continue the call of the roll," and then surrendered the chair to Franklin A. Dennison, of Illinois, who was not a delegate or alternate to the convention.

"The gentleman from Massachusetts," said the temporary chairman, bowing to the permanent chairman in recognition, when Massachusetts was reached. Senator Lodge who presented the name of Curtis S. Guild, of Massachusetts as a candidate.

The seconding speech for Governor Guild was made by Chase S. Osborne, of Michigan.

Mississippi Seconds.

Resuming the call of the roll, the clerk elicited no response until Mississippi was reached, when the chairman of the delegation arose and seconded, amid cheers, the nomination of Mr. Sherman.

New Jersey sent to the platform Thomas N. McCarter to place in nomination former Governor Franklin Murphy, of that state. New Jersey loyally cheered the name of ex-Governor Murphy.

Harry Skinner, a delegate from North Carolina, while standing on the convention floor, spoke briefly, seconding the nomination of Sherman.

Ohio was passed over without response, and then Dennis Flynn, of Oklahoma, added the second of that state to the fast growing Sherman candidacy. He spoke from his place on the floor.

Pennsylvania's seconding of Mr. Sherman called out great cheering from the New York delegation, as they regarded this as conclusive promise of victory for their candidate. Representative Olmsted, of Pennsylvania, made the speech for that state.

Another Second.

When Tennessee was reached another second was given to Sherman by H. Clay Evans, and C. B. Slemp, of Virginia, put his state in line for the New York man with the simple statement that the state was for him.

The call proceeded and was completed when a number of Louisiana delegates pressed forward to the front of the speakers' platform asking that their state be called again in order to allow ex-Governor Warmoth to deliver a seconding speech. The chairman refused to allow this, saying:

"The clerk will call the roll."

All of the territories cast their votes for Sherman, and the result of the ballot was announced by Chairman Lodge to be: Sherman, 816; Guild, 75; Murphy, 77; Sheldon, 10; Fairbanks, 1; absent, 1.

Ohio, realizing that the contest was settled, divided her vote to compliment all the candidates, giving ten to Murphy, ten to Guild and 26 to Sherman.

Other States' Votes.

These are the states not voting solidly for Sherman:

Alabama, Sherman 19, Murphy 2, Guild 1. Colorado, Sherman 9, Murphy 1. Illinois, Sherman 51, Murphy 3. Indiana, Sherman 26, Murphy 4. Iowa, Sherman 15, Murphy 4, Guild 7. Kansas, Sherman 19, Murphy 1. Louisiana, Sherman 15, Murphy 2, Guild 1. Maine, Sherman 9, Guild 3. Massachusetts, Guild 32. Michigan, Sherman 20, Guild 8. Mississippi, Sherman 19, Murphy 1. Nebraska, Sherman 12, Guild 4. New Jersey, Murphy 24. Ohio, Sherman 26, Murphy 10, Guild 10. Pennsylvania, Sherman 60, Murphy 8. South Carolina, Sherman 17, Murphy 1. West Virginia, Sherman 13, Fairbanks 1. Wisconsin, Guild 9, Murphy 2, Sherman 4, Sheldon 10, not voting 1.

"Shall the nomination be made unanimous?" said Chairman Lodge, and he recognized Senator Crane, of Massachusetts, who made a motion in accordance with the chairman's question, in behalf of Governor Guild, New Jersey and Nebraska quickly trailed on, and when the motion was put it was carried with a shout of approval.

Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, offered the usual resolution to appoint the permanent chairman, Senator Lodge, as chairman of the committee to notify the presidential nominee, and that the temporary chairman, Senator J. C. Burrows, be appointed to head the committee to notify the vice presidential nominee. Chairman Lodge, who is going abroad during the summer, requested that Senator William Warner, of Missouri, past commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., be substituted in his place. The resolution was unanimously adopted with this amendment.

Convention Adjourns.

The usual motions of acknowledgment to the officers of the convention and to the city in which it was held, were passed.

Judson W. Lyon, of Georgia, was recognized to make the motion to adjourn without day. It was put into effect at 11:47 a. m. The band played The Star Splangled Banner, the delegates rapidly left the hall, and the convention of 1908 had made its way into history.

"UNCLE JOE" PRAISES THE PLATFORM

Says Resolutions Committee Expresses Position of Republican Party in Various Planks.

Convention Hall, Chicago, June 18.—Speaker Cannon was seen at the Union League club and asked for his views on the platform. He said:

"I think the committee on resolutions has worked out a very commendable expression as to the position of the Republican party on the two points over which there was so much controversy.

"The court procedure plank expresses in unequivocal language the traditional confidence of the Republican party in the integrity of the courts and insists that their powers to enforce their processes and protect life and property must be preserved inviolate. The resolution further commends the courts by recommending that what has been and is their practice in issuing injunctions shall be expressly declared in the statutes. I approve the plank as adopted.

"I also approve the plank as reported touching an amendment to the Sherman anti-trust act. The committee struck out of the tentative draft of that plank the language which seemed to endorse class legislation. I think all Republicans can unite in the endorsement of these two planks over which there has been much controversy.

"As to the tariff plank, it is in exact harmony with the resolution adopted by the Republican convention of the Eighteenth congressional district of Illinois, which I have the honor to represent, and as that resolution was approved by me before it was adopted I naturally approve the expression in the national platform, expressions of some of the newspaper writers to the contrary notwithstanding."

TAFT ON FIRST BALLOT

Secretary of War Secures Total of 702 Votes.

Gets Vote in Every State in the Union, With Exception of Indiana.

Chicago, June 19—For president of the United States, William H. Taft, of Ohio.

Taft on the first ballot; Taft by 702 votes; Taft by the unanimous choice of the convention.

Such is the record of the culminating day of the Republican national convention of 1908, affected amid scenes of tumultuous enthusiasm and after a nerve-racking continuous session lasting nearly eight hours.

It was late in the afternoon before the convention, now literally sweltering with the intense heat and weary after nearly seven hours of continuous session, reached the end of the flood of eloquence, and the decks were at last clear for the culminating act—the ballot.

But no, just as the last swell of oratory, the seconding speech for La Follette, had died away, like a cyclone from a clear sky burst a La Follette demonstration which swept the convention from its very bearings. It was the same deafening wave of sound that had greeted Roosevelt yesterday, and Taft a little while before, intense and maddening with the vital ring of genuine enthusiasm. It seemed as though Wisconsin had suddenly peopled every foot of the galleries. The delegates sat calm and waiting except the frantic Wisconsins, but the convention for the time being was in the possession of the galleries.

Now a singular transformation occurred—gradually the whirlwind veered from La Follette to Roosevelt. A banner bearing the Roosevelt portrait and waved from the gallery was the signal for the change, but in the confused babel of voices there was no distinguishing where the La Follette cheers ended and those for Roosevelt began.

Amid this pandemonium and with the galleries in full control, Chairman Lodge decided upon heroic action in order again to make the convention master of its affairs. He ordered the roll call of states to begin for the vote on president. Such a call, under such circumstances of intense confusion, has probably never before occurred in the history of national conventions. Gradually, the curiosity of the multitude conquered their enthusiasm, and they lapsed into silence to hear the result of the roll call. A hush of expectancy hung over the assembly as the call proceeded. Hasty summaries showed that Taft was far in advance. When New York was reached the Taft column totaled 427. Ohio carried the Taft total to 511, or 20 more than enough to nominate. Still the call went on until the final result was announced by Chairman Lodge:

"For Theodore Roosevelt, 3 votes; for Joseph B. Foraker, of Ohio, 16 votes; for Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana, 40 votes; for Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, 61 votes; for Robert La Follette, of Wisconsin, 25 votes; for Charles E. Hughes, of New York, 63 votes; for Philander C. Knox, of Pennsylvania, 68 votes; and for William H. Taft, of Ohio, 702 votes."

A great shout went up as Lodge concluded his announcement, and with one accord the cohorts of Cannon and Knox and Hughes and the other heroes joined in a common tribute for the candidate of the party.

Made It Unanimous.

General Stewart L. Woodford, for Governor Hughes, leaping upon a chair, moved to make the nomination of Taft unanimous; Senator Penrose, for Knox, and Boutell for Cannon, and Henry, of Georgia, for Foraker, and Cochems, of Wisconsin, for La Follette, seconded the movement for a unanimous vote to the candidate. The vote was given with a ringing cheer, and then with shouts of exultation over the new candidate the convention adjourned.

NEGROES PLAN NEW PARTY

Will Ask Sen. Foraker's Aid and Advice.

Chicago, June 20.—Twenty-five of the leaders among the negroes from more than a dozen states held a long conference yesterday and discussed the proposition of organizing a new party.

About half of those who met were southern negroes who had been turned down as delegates by the national committee. The grievances of the negroes were recited by half a dozen speakers and some of them declared emphatically that unless they could be given the opportunity to vote for some new candidate named by a third party composed of white men and negroes, they would vote the Democratic ticket and exert their influence to get other negroes to do so.

It finally was decided to send a communication to Senator Foraker asking his co-operation in the organization of a new party and also asking his advice as to what course to pursue. Under no circumstances, it was declared, would any compromise be made by which the negroes could be induced to vote for Taft.

HALF HUNDRED OVERCOME

New York National Guardsmen Succumb to Heat.

New York June 20.—Worn out by the exertion of a week of real soldier life in camp, more than half a hundred men of the Ninth regiment, national guard of New York, succumbed completely to heat and fatigue on a five mile march home from Ft. Wadsworth today.

When they reached New York from Staten Island by ferry nearly half a dozen men were rushed to hospitals for treatment. Fifty more, so utterly exhausted that they could scarcely stand, threw themselves down on the grass of Battery park and refused even to attempt to further. There they were treated by surgeons from several hospitals and by sympathetic citizens, who procured cooling drinks and bits of ice for them from nearby drug stores. The two men, Privates John Welsh and George Harvey, of the Ninth regiment, who were killed Thursday night by the premature explosion of a charge of powder at Ft. Wadsworth, will be given a military funeral tomorrow. As they died in the national service, their families will be given pensions.

WOMAN TO DIE IN CHAIR

Mrs. Farmer Found Guilty of First Degree Murder.

Killed Neighbor to Get Possession of Property.

Watertown, N. Y., June 20.—Guilty of murder in the first degree was the verdict of the jury yesterday in the case of Mrs. Mary Farmer, charged with the killing of Mrs. Sarah Brennan. The jury was out three hours.

Justice Rogers sentenced Mrs. Farmer to be electrocuted at Auburn prison during the week beginning August 2.

The crime for which Mrs. Farmer, who is 29 years old, was convicted was most fiendish. Her victim, Mrs. Brennan, who was 55 years old, was her neighbor and intimate friend, and the motive was to gain possession of the Brennan home, deeds of which Mrs. Farmer had forged in October. The crime was committed on April 23.

Mrs. Farmer's husband is also under indictment on a charge of murder in the first degree as accessory to the crime.

ELEVEN PERSONS DROWN

Awful Record in New York in 24 Hours.

New York, June 22.—Eleven deaths by drowning were recorded in New York and vicinity in the past 24 hours, the intense heat drawing thousands to the beaches to seek relief either in or on the water.

John Milton lost his life rescuing three men who had capsized in a light boat in the East river.

Frank Kriz broke his neck diving in the East Side Y. M. C. A. pool.

August T. Sundman, captain of a New York city steam lighter, fell from a ladder into the North river and was drowned.

Robert Roper, 14 years old, and Joseph Bizeanzo, 17, went down while bathing in the Harlem river.

George Williamson, 19, succumbed to cramps at North Beach.

David Griffin met a similar fate at Sheepshead Bay.

Chester Hart and John Gengal sank in a bathing pool near Trenton, N. J.

An unknown man was drowned in the North river, and an unknown boy in Lake Hopatcong, N. J.

LITTLE DONE AT OYSTER BAY

Recreation as Far as Possible Is the President's Program.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., June 22.—With the arrival of the first business day of President Roosevelt's vacation the executive office staff of six men found little for them to do except to put the office rooms in order and to see that everything is in readiness for the dispatch of business.

No appointment was made for the President to receive any visitors at Sagamore Hill today, and none has been made for the early part of this week.

Recreation as far as possible will be the President's program. Boating, fishing, camping out over night with his boys, chopping wood or making hay with the help will occupy his leisure moments. His favorite saddle horses are here and to riding he will devote much of his time.

RELIEF IS NOW IN SIGHT

War Department to Help Louisiana Flood Sufferers.

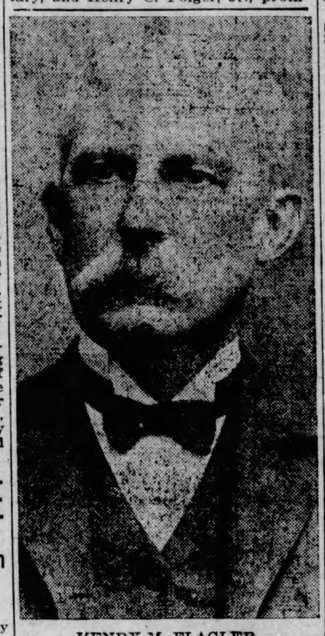
Baton Rouge, La., June 18.—Relief for Louisiana flood sufferers, who include fully five thousand almost destitute persons, was arranged for last night by Governor Sanders. He announced that the war department will furnish supplies and that General J. S. Bell, chief of staff, has ordered Major Foote, of New Orleans, to take charge of the situation.

The floods are caused by high water principally in the Red and Black rivers and have submerged portions of seven parishes. The governor also took up the matter of relief with the assembly.

FLAGLER QUITS HIS OFFICE

Resigns as Vice President of the Standard Oil Company.

New York, June 20.—At a meeting of the officials of the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey yesterday, W. H. Tilford, treasurer, was elected to succeed Henry M. Flagler, vice president, resigned; C. M. Pratt, secretary, was made treasurer to fill the vacancy made by Tilford's promotion; Walter Jennings, a director, was made secretary, and Henry C. Folger, Jr., prominently identified with the Tidewater Oil Co., was made a member of the board of directors to succeed Frank Q. Barstow, resigned.



HENRY M. FLAGLER.

Mr. Flagler's resignation was due to advanced years and his desire to devote more of his time to personal affairs. Continued illness is given as the reason for Mr. Barstow's resignation.

CABINET TAKES VACATION

Washington, June 20.—The meeting of the cabinet at the White House yesterday, the last until the President returns from his summer vacation, was more of an occasion for vacation farewells and for exchanging views on the work of the convention than it was for the transaction of business.

Some business was disposed of, but it related mostly to minor matters which it was desired to wind up before the President's departure for Oyster Bay.

BIG PAPER MILL MERGER

Three Largest Plants in Wisconsin Are Connected.

Appleton, Wis., June 19.—With the incorporation yesterday of the Nekoosa-Edwards Paper company with a capital of $3,000,000, one of the largest paper mill mergers in recent years was perfected. Three of the largest plants in Wisconsin have been connected. They are the Nekoosa Paper company, of Nekoosa, and the John Edwards Manufacturing company, and Port Edwards Fibre company, of Port Edwards, all plants being in Wood county. Besides the mills, thousands of acres of timber lands in Wisconsin and Upper Michigan are issued in the merger. The three plants have a combined output of 280,000 pounds of print paper, 200,000 pounds of ground wood pulp and 200,000 pounds of sulphite fiber.

"COL. HAM" YOUNG DEAD

Was Washington Manager of Western Union.

Chicago, June 19.—William Hamilton Young, manager of the Washington office of the Western Union Telegraph company and familiarly known to newspaper men throughout the United States as "Colonel Ham" Young, died early today at the home of his son, Frank M. Young, in this city. He came here on duty connected with the Republican national convention and was taken ill yesterday at the Coliseum.

Mr. Young was one of the oldest telegraph operators in the country and was the retiring president of the Old Time Telegraphers' association. He entered the telegraph service in 1850 and during the war served in the war department.

HAVE PLAGUE AT CARACAS

Unexpectedly Makes Appearance in Best Quarter of City.

Caracas, June 17.—The dreaded plague has at last come to Caracas, which for a few months past has been hoping against hope that it might be spared from the scourge which had stricken the neighboring port of La Guayra.

The city awakened today to the full knowledge that the disease was here, and the fact that the case was that of an employe of the La India cafe, one of the finest in Caracas, did not tend to decrease the general alarm. It was realized that the presence of the bubonic in such quarters meant that no section of the city was safe from its ravages.

The general supposition had been that if the plague ever reached Caracas it would make its first appearance in the dirty districts and probably would be confined there, but this unexpected focus of infection has given rise to grave forebodings as to the future.

$50,000,000 SUIT SETTLED

Henry H. Rogers Gets Judgment in Big Case.

Boston, Mass., June 20.—The $50,000,000 suit of Cadwallader M. Raymond against Henry H. Rogers, of New York, was closed in the supreme court yesterday by a judgment for the defendant by agreement.

Raymond was assignee of a claim that the late Benjamin F. Greenough, of New York, had against Rogers, and his former partner, the late Charles Pratt, under a contract made in 1878, selling them a secret process for making crude petroleum and its products nonexplosive.

The defense of Mr. Rogers was that the process was never a success, and was not used.

SHERMAN IS VERY ILL

Vice Presidential Candidate in Bad Condition.

Anxiety in His Home City, Utica, and Celebration Is Postponed.

Cleveland, O., June 23.—The illness of Congressman James S. Sherman, Republican nominee for vice-president, who has been ill here at the residence of ex-Governor Myron T. Herrick since Sunday, assumed a serious phase early this morning, when the patient suffered a severe chill. Mr. Sherman's illness, which at first was diagnosed as a bilious attack, now turns out to have been caused by gall stones. Upon the advice of Drs. Allen and Carter, who were called to attend the patient, he was removed to Lakeside hospital. An operation may later be performed but this step has not yet been fully decided upon. It was stated that Mr. Sherman suffered no ill effects as a result of his journey from ex-Governor Herrick's residence to the hospital, which was made in an invalid carriage.

Ex-Governor Herrick this morning got into communication with Mrs. Sherman over the long distance telephone. She was greatly agitated upon hearing of the condition of her husband, and declared her intention of coming at once to Cleveland. An effort to persuade her not to come at the present time failed, and she and her son, Richard U. Sherman, an instructor in Hamilton college at Clinton, N. Y., started for this city.

Congressman Sherman suffered a similar attack in New York city two years ago while serving as chairman of Republican congressional committee. He was then taken seriously ill, but no operation was performed.

At Lakeside hospital it is said Mr. Sherman is resting quite comfortably. During the early hours of the morning the temperature of the patient rose to 102. Subsequently, however, his physicians announced that it had again become normal.

At noon Mr. Sherman was resting easily. He was suffering comparatively little, and in fact his condition was said to be better than at any time during the past 24 hours. It was believed that an operation would not be necessary unless the patient suffered another attack.

Congressman Sherman came here from Cincinnati last Sunday, and at once went to the home of ex-Governor Herrick. There he was forced to take to his bed yesterday. The illness, caused by gall stones, is generally more painful than dangerous. The stones form in the gall bladder, and if not dissolved by medication, increase in size until they are too large to pass through the gall duct. Then it is often necessary to perform an operation and frequently the gall bladder is removed entirely. The operation itself is not necessarily dangerous. There is a large percentage of recoveries, though, according to physicians, there is always danger of complications.

NINE NEGROES SLAIN

Serious Race War in Progress at Hemphill, Texas.

Trouble Caused by Murder of White Men at a Negro Dance.

Houston, Tex., June 23.—During Sunday night nine negroes met death at the hands of a mob in the vicinity of Hemphill, in Sabine county. Yesterday both races secured arms and the tension is such that a race clash appears imminent.

The dead:
Jerry Evans, aged 22.
Will Johnson, aged 24.
Mose Spellman, aged 24.
Cleveland Williams, aged 27.
William Manuel, aged 25.
Frank Williams, aged 22.
Two unknown men.
William McCoy.

Caused By Murders.

The lynching followed the killing of two white men by negroes. Two weeks ago Hugh Dean and several other white men visited a negro church and school house where a dance was in progress, presumably in quest of liquor, it being the custom of some of the negroes to sell whisky during the progress of such affairs. During the evening Dean was killed, and six negroes were held for the killing. At the preliminary examination the evidence tended to show that the plot was formed at the dance to kill Dean.

Saturday last Aaron M. Johnson, a prominent farmer, was assassinated while seated at the dining table with his family, the bullet being fired through the window. For this crime Perry Price, a negro, was arrested, and, it is stated, confessed, implicating Robert Wright, a relative of one of the negroes held for Dean's murder. Price declared he was offered $5 to kill Johnson.

Then followed the forming of the mob Sunday night, the overpowering of the jailer at Hemphill, and the lynching of the six negroes held for the murder of Dean. Five were hanged to the same tree, while another attempted to escape and was shot to death. Later in the night, William McCoy, another negro, was shot and killed while standing at the gate of the Johnson home, and the bodies of two more negroes were found in the creek bottom.

Guarded By Soldiers.

White, the negro who confessed to the killing of Johnson, and the man he implicated, were taken to Beaumont for safe keeping under guard of the military company of San Augustine. Sabine county is situated in the most remote part of the eastern section of the state, with a lack of railroad and telegraph facilities and thickly timbered.

W. B. LEEDS DIES IN PARIS

New York Financier Passes Away Suddenly.

Paris, June 23.—W. B. Leeds died suddenly at the Ritz hotel in this city at half past 10 o'clock this morning. Mrs. Leeds was with him. He has been ill for some years.

Mr. Leeds came abroad for the benefit of his health, which had been failing for several years past. He had improved considerably of late, however. He was stopping at the Hotel Ritz, making his preparations to sail for America tomorrow. He was taken with a sudden sinking spell during the night and gradually lost consciousness. He could not be revived, and died this morning with his wife and his son at his bedside. The body will be shipped to New York June 27.

It is said here that Mr. Leeds, who was at one time president of the Rock Island railroad, leaves a fortune larger than generally was supposed. Intimate friends in Paris today estimated his wealth at $35,000,000.

BRYAN SCORES PLATFORM

Assails the Anti-Iniunction Plank in Particular.

Lincoln, Neb., June 22.—Following up his expression in criticism of the Republican national platform in general, William J. Bryan, last night gave out a statement, in which he assails in particular the anti-injunction plank of the Chicago declaration, characterizing it as a "transparent fraud." The statement follows:

"The anti-injunction plank of the Republican platform, as finally adopted, is a transparent fraud. It is possible that the members of the committee were buncoed by some trust lawyer—that is the only charitable view that can be taken of it. Those who advocated the plank claimed to be doing it as a concession to the wage earners, and yet if one will read the plank he will see that it is in fact an announcement that the Republican party is unalterably opposed to the laboring man's position.

"The men who are responsible for the language of the injunction plank may have fooled the rest of the committee, and they may have fooled the convention, but they cannot fool the laboring men or the voters in general. The injunction plank has not even the value of a gold-plated brick, for the plating is brass, as well as the interior of the brick.

CARNEGIE AS JUDGE

New York, June 19.—Andrew Carnegie has consented to act as one of the judges to award the Chester Pugsley prize offered by the Lake Mohonk conference on international arbitration for the best essay on international arbitration by an American college student, according to an announcement made here today.

THE MARKETS

Grain Market.

Toledo, O., June 23.—Traders who looked for lower cables, better weather in the southwest and the absence of outside trade to knock the props from under wheat were disappointed, although prices were somewhat lower shortly after the opening. The strong undertone was generally believed the result of good support. As soon as the Bartlett house started to sell, the crowd followed and the price began to yield ground. Rank'n and the commission houses were the leading buyers. Liverpool opened unchanged to 3-10c lower, maintaining this position nearly all through the session. Toledo cash and June wheat opened unchanged at 89¼c but lost ¼c within the first hour. Starting unchanged at 87¼c, July sank a half cent lower in the same period. September opened ¼c higher at 87c, but soon sank to 86¾c. Up to ½c in opening at 88¾c, December receded to 88c in the first hour.

Cash and June closed ¼c off at 89c, July ½c lower at 86⅜c, September ¾c off at 86½c, and December ⅜c lower at 88⅜c. Trade ruled dull most of the day and the market appeared oversold. Liverpool July wheat closed ¼d off.

Reports from Indianapolis said corn had grown eight inches in forty-eight hours. For the first time in several days, the market showed a downward tendency. Liverpool was unchanged at the outset but lower later in the day. Crop news was generally more favorable, the rains and torrid heat being hailed as an ideal combination by growers. July was ¼c lower at 71⅝c, the opening. July lost ⅛c at 72c, the opening, off ⅛c at 58¾c. December regained half the loss in less than an hour after the opening. May was a shade weaker at 59½c.

Corn at the finish was about a half cent off. Cash closed at 72¾c, July at 71½c, September at 71¾c, December at 58¾c, and May at 58¾c.

Although lower at the outset, all oats options practically regained the losses before the noon hour. In sympathy with July, which regained a loss of ½c. September opened ¾c lower at 35½c but came within ⅛c of making up the amount of the decline before 10 a. m. May was quoted at 42½c a half hour after the opening. The initial quotation showed the option ⅛c lower.

Oats, likewise, lost ground, cash closing at 54c, July at 47⅞c, September at 39¾c, and May at 41⅞c.

There was not a sign of an alteration in clover seed. October was marked at $7.35, December at $7.30 and March at $7.42½.

All seed prices at the close were the same as yesterday's final figures.

TOLEDO.

				Close	
Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	June 23.	June 22.
Cash	89¼	....	....	89	89¼
June	89¼	....	....	89	89¼
July	87¼	87⅝	86½	86¾	87¼
Sept.	87	....	86½	86½	86¾
Dec.	88⅝	....	87¿	88⅜	88½
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	72¾	74
July	71¾	....	....	71½	72
Sept.	72	....	71½	71¾	72¼
Dec.	58⅞	59	....	58⅝	59⅛
May	59⅜	59½	....	58⅞	59½
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	54	54½
July	47½	47¾	....	47¾	47¾
Sept	39½	39¾	....	39¾	39¾
May	42	42⅛	....	41¾	42⅛
Clover Seed—					
Oct	7.35	....	....	7.35	7.35
Dec.	7.30	....	....	7.30	7.30
March	7.42½	....	....	7.42½	7.42½
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	78½	79
No. 2	....	....	....	77½	78
No. 3	....	....	....	73½	74
Alsike—					
Aug.	....	....	....	7.55	7.55

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
July	86½	86⅝	85¾	85¾	86½
Sept.	85⅝	85⅞	84¾	85¼	85¾
Dec. (old)	87⅛	87⅝	86½	86¾	87⅛
Dec. (new)	87⅛	87⅝	86½	86½	86⅞
June	....	....	....	....	89
Corn—					
July	69⅝	69⅞	69	69¼	69⅞
Sept.	69⅞	70	69⅜	69½	70
Dec.	59	59½	58⅝	58⅝	59⅛
May	59	....	58¾	58⅝	59⅛
Oats—					
July	45¾	....	44⅞	45	45⅞
Sept.	44¼	....	43⅜	43⅜	44⅜
Dec.	39	39⅝	....	38⅝	39⅛
May	41⅞	....	41⅜	41½	41⅞

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
July	95	....	94½	94⅝	95½
Sept.	92⅝	....	92⅛	92⅜	....
Corn—					
July	....	....	....	78⅝	78⅝
Sept.	76⅞	....	....	76½	76⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
July	84⅞	....	84	84⅛	84⅞
Sept.	84⅛	....	83⅜	83⅜	84⅛

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	....	1.03⅜
Sept.	....	....	....	....	89⅝

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
July	14.50	14.66	14.47	14.55	14.50
Sept	14.80	14.85	14.72	14.80	14.75
Dec.	14.50	....	....	14.60	....
Lard—					
July	8.95	8.97	....	8.92	9.82
Sept	9.15	....	9.07	9.12	9.12
Oct	9.20	....	9.17	9.20	9.20
Ribs—					
July	8.12	8.17	8.10	8.15	8.12
Sept	8.40	....	8.35	8.37	8.37
Oct	8.45	8.47	8.42	8.47	8.42

Money and Stocks.

New York, June 23.—(Wall Street.)—Opening dealings in stocks brought mixed results in the price movement. The dealings were small and changes generally were narrow. St. Louis and San Francisco second preferred declined 1¼, the first preferred 1 and Colorado and Southern first preferred ¾. Westinghouse Electric advanced 1¼ and Canadian Pacific and Chicago Great Western ⅝.

The movement of prices during the first hour was erratic, advances and reactions occurring frequently, but neither the high nor the low level was far from yesterday's closing. Reading, St. Paul and Union Pacific were the most active and fluctuated most widely. Prices were strong in spots at 11 o'clock.

Prices were maintained notwithstanding the lapse into dullness. A rally in the Rock Island collateral bonds from yesterday's break was the feature of the bond market. The general tone in that division was irregular.

Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, June 23.—Receipts of hogs were quite liberal today. All buyers were bidding freely, and everything changed hands with prices steady with yesterday.

Cattle, sheep and lambs and veal calves showed no changes. All live stock quotations were the same as yesterday.

Toledo closing live stock quotations:

Hogs—Select heavies, average 200 to 250 lbs., $6.20@6.25; mediums, $6.20@6.25; Yorkers, $6.15@6.20; light Yorkers, 150 to 140 lbs. average, $5.50@5.90; good pigs, $5.30@5.50; stags, $3.75@4.25; roughs, $4.50@5.25; good mixed, $6.20; bulk of sales $6.20.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs and up, $6.50@6.75; choice fat steers, 1,050 to 1,150 lbs., $6.00@6.40; fair to medium steers, 1,000 to 1,200 lbs., $5.50@6.75; plain light steers, $5.00@5.50; extra good heifers, $5.25@5.50; fair to medium heifers, $4.25@4.75; choice heavy cows, $4.75@5.25; good butcher cows, $4.00@4.50; common cows, $2.00@3.50; milkers, $25.00@55.00; choice butcher bulls, $4.75@5.25; common to good, $3.50@4.50; stockers and feeders, $3.50@5.25.

Clipped lambs, $4.00@5.50; clipped wethers, $4.50@4.75; mixed sheep, $4.00@4.50; culls and common, $2.50@3.50; spring lambs, $5.00@8.00.

Calves—Prime veals, $6.50@7.00; fair to good, $5.50@6.50; common, $4.00@6.00.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Union Stock Yards, Cleveland, June 23.—(Bower & Bower's Special Report to The Blade.)—Hog Receipts, 40 cars; market steady